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LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1851.

## REVIEWS

*Casa Guidi Windows: a Poem.* By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Chapman & Hall.

From the windows of her abode—the Casa Guidi, in Florence—Mrs. Browning witnessed several of those demonstrations, both popular and despotic, which commenced in Italy, as in Europe generally, during the eventful '48. The theme of her poem—as its title, thus explained, suggests—is, the late struggle for Italian freedom with especial reference to its development in Tuscany.

It is not only as regards its local and historical interest that Italy is presented in the pages before us. Though fraught with the spirit of English strength and insight, they are Italian in their style. Fervid, unrestrained, and imaginative, they might have been delivered by an *improvisatore* in a Florentine thoroughfare to an audience of his countrymen. Nor are they, it must be said, free from those defects which belong to such *improvisi* inspirations.

Diffuseness, ruggedness, *concelli*, and at times colloquialisms, impair and disfigure much that is noble in this poem both as regards its conception and its forms. We are aware that this loose mode of poetic utterance has its disciples,—and that Mrs. Browning's errors are likely to be commended by those who can emulate them more easily than they can her genius. For ourselves, we are of those who believe that the patience which knows how to reject, to shape and to perfect, is not, as sneerers suppose, a substitute for true creative impulse, but a proof of it;—and it is precisely because Mrs. Browning so often exhibits what Hazlitt termed the "fortitude" of genius, that we regret she should ever lose sight of it. Completeness and severity are not artifices:—as witness the great Florentine to whom this very poem makes such eloquent appeal.

Premising that there are many beauties in the work which by reason of their diffuse and fantastic context we are precluded from quoting, we have almost done with censure. Of the generous impulse, the fine imagination, the social and political wisdom, to be found in it, we shall offer such examples as will suggest their own comment.

Italy's ancient glory, Mrs. Browning thinks, has been, like that of many an ancestral house, corrupted from a stimulant into an opiate. The heirs of such great renown, she implies, are more willing to dream over their bequest than to put it to use. On this point she finely and truly exclaims:—

We do not serve the dead—the past is past!  
God lives, and lifts his glorious mornings up  
Before the eyes of men, who wake at last,  
And put away the meats they used to sup,  
And on the dry dust of the ground outcast  
The drags remaining of the ancient cup.  
And turn to wakeful prayer and worthy act.  
The dead, upon their awful 'vantage ground—  
The sun not in their faces—shall abstract  
So more our strength: we will not be discerned  
Through treasuring their crowns, nor degli transact  
A barter of the present, in a sound,  
For what was counted good in foregone days.  
O dead, ye shall no longer cling to us  
With your stiff hands of desecrating praise,  
And hold us backward by the garment thus,  
To stay and laud you in long virelays!  
Still, no! we will not be oblivious  
Of our own lives, because ye lived before,  
Sire of our acts, because ye acted well,—  
We thank you that ye first unlatched the door—  
We will not mark the doorway any more,  
By thanks in the doorway any more,  
But will go onward to extinguish hell  
With our fresh souls, our younger hope, and God's  
Maturity of purpose. Soon shall we  
Be the dead too! and, that our periods  
Of life may round themselves to memory,  
As smoothly as on our graves the funeral-sods,  
We must look to it to excel as ye.  
And bear our age as far, unlimited  
By the last sea-mark! so, to be invoked  
By future generations, as the Dead.

She were no poetess, however, who did not revere the Past in its legitimate influence. The present writer has her tribute to that also.—

It shall be testified  
That living men who throb in heart and brain,  
Without the dead, were colder. If we tried  
To sink the past beneath our feet, be sure  
The future would not stand. Precipitate  
This old roof from the shrine—and, insecure,  
The nesting swallows fly off, mate from mate.  
Sent were the gardens, if the graves were fewer!  
And the green poplars grew no longer straight,  
Whose tops not looked to Troy. Why, who would fight  
For Athens, and not swear by Marathon?  
Who would build temples, without tombs in sight?  
Who live, without some dead man's benison?  
Who seek truth, hope for good, or strive for right,  
If, looking up, he saw not in the span  
Some angel of the martyrs, all day long  
Standing and waiting! your last rhythms will need  
The earliest key-note. Could I sing this song,  
If my dead masters had not taken heed  
To help the heavens and earth to make me strong,  
As the wind ever will find out some reed,  
And touch it to such issues as belong  
To such a frail thing? Who denies the dead,  
Libations from full cups? Unless we choose  
To look back to the hills behind us spread,  
The plains before us sadden and confuse;  
If orphaned, we are disinherited.

The poem is divided into two parts:—and in the first is described a procession of the Florentines in honour of the right conceded to them by the Duke to form a civic guard. This description itself is a singular instance of the diffuse, over-fanciful and unmusical style which we have objected to:—but the following lines towards the close have dramatic character.—

Ever in the crowd,  
Rude men, unconscious of the tears that kept  
Their beads moist, shouted; and some laughed aloud,  
And none asked any why they laughed and wept:  
Friends kissed each other's cheeks, and foes long vowed  
Did it more warmly: two-months' babies leapt  
Right upward in their mothers' arms, whose black,  
Wide, glittering eyes looked elsewhere; lovers pressed  
Each before either, neither glancing back;  
And peasant maidens, smoothly tired and tressed,  
Forgot to finger on their throats the slack  
Great pearl-strings: while old blind men would not rest,  
But pattered with their staves and with their shoes  
Still on the stones, and smiled as if they saw.  
O Heaven! I think that day had noble use  
Among God's days.

We should say, that the first division of the poem was written in 1848, when the auguries that Pius the Ninth would prove a friend to Italian liberty were yet welcomed and trusted. Mrs. Browning, however, has even at this period motives for withholding unlimited participation in the popular confidence. With a "learned spirit in human dealings," she sees that the future of a man must in great measure be determined by his past; and not without charity, yet with rational doubt, she takes leave concerning the Pope—

To ponder what he must be, ere we are bold  
For what he may be, with our heavy hope  
To trust upon him: So, fold by fold,  
Explore this mummy in the priestly cope  
Transmitted through the darks of time, to catch  
The man within the wrappings, and discern  
How he, an honest man, upon the watch  
Full fifty years, for what a man may learn,  
Contrived to get just there: with what a snatch  
Of old world obol he had to earn  
The passage through: with what a drowsy sop  
To drench the busy barkings of his brain:  
What ghosts of pale tradition, wreathed with hop  
'Gainst wakeful thought, he had to entertain  
For heavenly visions; and consent to stop  
The clock at noon, and let the hour remain  
(Without vain windings up) inviolate,  
Against all chimings from the belfry. Lo!  
From every given Pope, you must abate,  
Albeit you love him, some things—good, you know—  
Which every given heretic you hate  
Claims for his own, as being plainly so.  
A Pope must hold by Popes a little,—yes,  
By councils,—from Nicea up to Trent,—  
By hierocratic empire, more or less  
Irresponsible to men,—he must resent  
Each man's particular conscience, and repress  
Inquiry, meditation, argument,  
As tyrants faction. Also, he must not  
Love truth too dangerously, but prefer  
"The interests of the Church," because a blot  
Is better than a rent in miniver.—  
Submit to see the people swallow hot  
Husk-porridge which his chartered churchmen stir  
Quoting the only true God's epigraph,  
"Feed my lambs, Peter!"—must consent to sit  
Attesting with his pastoral ring and staff,

To such a picture of our Lady, hit  
Off well by artist angels, though not half  
As fair as Giotto would have painted it;  
To such a vial, where a dead man's blood  
Runs yearly warm beneath a churchman's finger;  
To such a holy house of stone and wood,  
Whereof a cloud of angels was the bringer  
From Bethlehem to Loreto!—Were it good  
For any Pope on earth to be a finger  
Of stones against these high-niched counterfeiters?  
Apostates only are iconoclasts.  
He dares not say, while this false thing abets  
That true thing, "This is false!" he keepeth fasts  
And prayers, as prayers and fasts were silver frets  
To change a note upon a string that lasts,  
And make a lie a virtue. Now, if he  
Did more than this,—higher hoped and braver dared,—  
I think he were a Pope in jeopardy,  
Or no Pope rather! for his soul had barred  
The vaulting of his life. And certainly,  
If he do only this, mankind's regard  
Moves on from him at once, to seek some new  
Teacher and leader! He is good and great  
According to the deeds a Pope can do:  
Most liberal, save those bonds; affectionate,  
As princes may be; and, as priests are, true—  
But only the ninth Pius after eight,  
When all's praised most.

Our readers will agree with us that poetry like this is somewhat too loose and colloquial in its manner:—and we think they will see also in it, that Mrs. Browning has, consciously or unconsciously, caught the tone of her husband. Ere this grows on her, we desire to warn her that her own poetical mantle was of too good stuff and pattern for her not to be a loser by borrowing any other.

The second part of the poem resumes the tale of Florence after the Duke has broken his pledge and fled from his subjects. The mad enthusiasm of a people revolting rather from impulse than from principle—substituting sound for action and the hollow pageants of nominal freedom for the calm purpose and self-sacrificing energy by which only, freedom can be insured—are vividly brought before us. Admirable is the graphic detail and smiting is the sad irony which illustrate this portion of the story. Nor less excellent is this comment on the follies which had such disastrous results.—

Men who might  
Do greatly in a universe that breaks  
And burns, must ever know before they do.  
Courage and patience are but sacrifice;  
And sacrifice is offered for and to  
Something conceived of. Each man pays a price  
For what himself counts precious, whether true  
Or false the appreciation it implies.  
Here, was no knowledge, no conception, nought!  
Desire was absent, that provides great deeds  
From out the greatness of prevalent thought;  
And action, action, like a flame that needs  
A steady breath and fuel, being caught  
Up, like a burning reed from other reeds,  
Flashed in the empty and uncertain air,  
Then wavered, then went out.

The Duke is brought back to subjugated Florence by the aid of Austria. His return is told in words which are as defined and glowing as the forms and colours by which painting appeals to the eye. In dealing with these "modern instances," Mrs. Browning has invested them with a tone of ideal grandeur which gives them in point of poetic effect all the remoteness of antiquity. We could cite no better example of the truth that the distance between the common and the ideal is not that between the past and the present, but that between objects as perceived by the senses and objects as interpreted by the mind.

Deeply as Mrs. Browning venerates peace, she is no party to that one-sided tranquillity which is built on the sacrifice of the weak. True peace she holds to be the recognition of mutual rights by the component classes of a State. The apathy of a nation prostrate beneath tyranny she thinks to be a worse evil than the horrors of popular insurrection. We know few things in modern poetry more passionate, vigorous, or true than her protest against that hushing of human claims which means not the silence of a people contented, but that of a people stifled. Her protest, it is almost needless to say, is not

directed against those noble teachers who, abhorring recourse to the sword, would base national peace upon national justice,—but against the despotic who in the lust of power would crush the soul, and the sordid who would postpone its demands to the convenience of traffic.

I, too, have loved peace, and from bole to bole  
Of immemorial, undecided trees,  
Would write, as lovers use, upon a scroll  
The holy name of Peace, and set it high  
Where none should pluck it down. On trees, I say,—  
Not upon gibbets!—With the greenery  
Of dewy branches and the flowery May,  
Sweet meditation 'twixt the earth and sky  
Providing, for the shepherd's holiday!  
Not upon gibbets!—though the vulture leaves  
Some quiet to the bones he first picked bare.  
Not upon dungeons! though the wretch who grieves  
And groans within, stirs not the outer air  
As much as little field-mice stir the sheaves.  
Not upon chain-bolts! though the slave's despair  
Has dulled his helpless, miserable brain,  
And left him blank beneath the freeman's whip,  
To sing and laugh out idiocies of pain.  
Nor yet on starving homes! where many a lip  
Has sobbed itself asleep through curses vain!  
I love no peace which is not fellowship,  
And which includes not mercy. I would have  
Rather, the raking of the guns across  
The world, and shrieks against Heaven's architrave.  
Rather, the struggle in the slippery fosse,  
Of dying men and horses, and the wave  
Blood-bubbling... Enough said!—By Christ's own cross,  
And by the faint heart of my womanhood,  
Such things are better than a Peace which sits  
Beside the hearth in self-commended mood.  
And takes no thought for wind and rain by its  
Are howling out of doors against the good  
Of the poor wanderer. What! your Peace admits  
Of outside anguish while it sits at home?  
I loathe to take its name upon my tongue—  
It is no peace. 'Tis treason, stiff with doom,—  
'Tis gagged despair, and inarticulate wrong,  
Annihilated Poland, stifled Rome,  
Dazed Naples, Hungary fainting beneath the thong,  
And Austria wearing a smooth olive-leaf  
On her brute forehead, while her hoofs outpress  
The life from those Italian souls, in brief.

Notwithstanding the ostensible failure of the Italian struggle, Mrs. Browning believes that it has already subverted the interests of freedom. It has shattered the last link that knit the affections of the people to Papal domination. It has prepared the mind of Italy for the reception of religious freedom. It has emancipated human hearts from those superstitions which make intolerance easy. In expressing these hopes, the poetess renders a worthy and judicious tribute to Mazzini,—and makes touching reference to the patriotic impulse of Charles Albert, to his interval of weakness, and to its final expiation.—For one fine passage of prophecy, speaking by the mouth of Mrs. Browning's Muse out of the graves of the patriots, we must, despite its length, make room.—

In the name of Italy,  
Meantime, her patriot dead have benison!  
They only have done well; and what they did  
Being perfect, it shall triumph. Let them slumber.  
No king of Egypt in a pyramid  
Is safer from oblivion, though he number  
Full seventy ceremonies for a coverlid.  
These Dead be seeds of life, and shall encumber  
The sad heart of the land until it loose  
The clammy clods and let out the spring-growth  
In beatific green through every bruise.  
The tyrant should take heed to what he doth,  
Since every victim-carrion turns to use,  
And drives a chariot, like a god made wroth,  
Against each piled injustice. Ay, the least  
Dead for Italia, not in vain has died,  
However vainly, ere life's struggle ceased,  
To mad dissimilar ends they swerved aside.  
Each grave her nationality has pieced  
By its own noble breadth, and fortified,  
And pinned it deeper to the soil. Forlorn  
Of thanks be, therefore, no one of these graves!  
Not Hers,—who, at her husband's side, in scorn,  
Outfaced the whistling shot and hissing waves,  
Until she felt her little babe unborn  
Recoil, within her, from the violent staves  
And bloodhounds of the world: at which, her life  
Dropt inwards from her eyes, and followed it  
Beyond the hunters. Garibaldi's wife  
And child died so. And now, the sea-weeds fit  
Her body like a proper shroud and coil,  
And murmurously the ebbing waters grit  
The little pebbles, while she lies interred  
In the sea-sand. Perhaps, ere dying thus,  
She looked up in his face which never stirred  
From its clenched anguish, as to make excuse  
For leaving him for his, if so she erred.  
Well he remembers that she could not choose.  
A memorable grave! Another is  
At Genoa, where a king may fitly lie,—

Who bursting that heroic heart of his  
At lost Novara, that he could not die,  
Though thrice into the cannon's eyes for this  
He plunged his shuddering stood, and felt the sky  
Reel back between the fire-shocks,—stripped away  
The ancestral ermine ere the smoke had cleared,  
And naked to the soul, that none might say  
His kingship covered what was base and bleared  
With treason, he went out an exile, yea,  
An exiled patriot! Let him be revered.

Yea, verily, Charles Albert has died well:  
And if he lived not all so, as one spoke,  
The sin pass softly with the passing bell.  
For he was shaven, I think, in cannon smoke,  
And taking off his crown, made visible  
A hero's forehead. Shaking Austria's yoke  
He shattered his own hand and heart. "So best,"  
His last words were upon his lonely bed,—  
"I do not end like popes and dukes at least—  
Thank God for it."

The sun strikes, through the windows, up the floor:  
Stand out in it, my own young Florentine,  
Not two years old, and let me see thee more!  
It grows along thy amber curls, to shine  
Brighter than elsewhere. Now, look straight before,  
And fix thy brave blue English eyes on mine,  
And from thy soul, which fronts the future so,  
With unabashed and unabated gaze,  
Teach me to hope for, what the Angels know,  
When they smile clear as thou dost. Down God's ways,  
With just alighted feet between the snow  
And snowdrops, where a little lamb may graze,  
Thou hast no fear, my lamb, about the road,  
Albeit in our vain-glory we assume  
That, less than we have, thou hast learnt of God.  
Stand out, my blue-eyed prophet!—thou, to whom  
The earliest world-day light that ever flowed  
Through Casa Guidi windows chanced to come!  
Now shake the glittering nimbus of thy hair,  
And be God's witness,—that the elemental  
New springs of life are gushing everywhere,  
To cleanse the water courses, and prevent all  
Concrete obstructions which infect the air!  
—That earth's alive, and gentle or ungentle  
Motions within her, signify but growth:  
The ground swells greenest o'er the labouring moles.  
How'er the uneasy world is vexed and wroth,  
Young children, lifted high on parent souls,  
Look round them with a smile upon the mouth,  
And take for music every bell that tolls.  
Who said we should be better if like these?  
And we... despond we for the future, though  
Posterity is smiling at our knees,  
Convicting us of folly? Let us go—  
We will trust God. The blank interstices  
Men take for ruins, He will build into  
With pillared marbles rare, or knit across  
With generous arches, till the fane's complete.  
This world has no perdition, if some loss.

From such brief analysis of this poem as we have been able to give, and from the foregoing extracts, our readers will see that we have been dealing with no ordinary work. Such exceptions as we have taken gain their chief emphasis from the genius to which they act as a foil. In whatever degree they may detract from the completeness of what is here written, they nothing abate our high estimate of the writer. Not the least interesting feature of these pages is, the development which they supply of the author's mental history. Mrs. Browning's poetical course, tinged at its commencement with something of sentimental melancholy, has gradually acquired the brighter influences of faith and sympathy,—and the present volume shows their application to practical uses. Her record of personal feelings has given way to the morals which they suggest,—and the interests of the single heart have expanded into those of mankind. This, we take it, is the progress of every nature in which the poetic element is deeply rooted. The mind which at first sadly contrasts the actual with its ideal, learns in time to find the ideal in the actual. Such is the highest office of the poet,—and one which, to our thinking, Mrs. Browning has here fulfilled. Her generous sympathies with a wronged nation have not blinded her to the errors which wrecked its struggles,—nor have the familiarities of the present hid from her the spiritual truth which underlies them. Her book is at once courageous and wise. Amidst the many who hold failure as disgrace, she has apprehended the right that *should* have triumphed. Through the obloquy of defeats she has recognized as heroes *now*, men who will be so chronicled in the future. She has perceived

by foresight what Posterity discovers through retrospect,—that greatness unrevealed lacks its credentials—that martyrdom is the path to canonization.

*Logic for the Million: a Familiar Exposition of the Art of Reasoning.* By a Fellow of the Royal Society. Longman & Co.

ONE of the distinguishing features of the present age is, the very marked attention paid to the condition of the masses. Not a session of Parliament passes in which their claims are not discussed. Philanthropists are continually devising some fresh scheme for the relief of their distress, the increase of their physical comfort, the improvement of their health, the supply of their educational wants, and the general elevation of their character. Politicians no longer venture to ignore their existence. Every political party, and every section of a party, acknowledges their claim to consideration, professes to advocate their interests, and appeals to them for support.—Authors, too, of every class and rank now toil for their advantage or amusement. Cheap periodicals adapted to their use are constantly springing up. Science, literature, and the arts are all made tributary to their wants and wishes. They may now learn any language, whether ancient or modern, "without a master." Every branch of science is "made easy." We have Poetry for the Million, Music for the Million, Fiction for the Million in the shape of cheap editions:—and now a "Fellow of the Royal Society" has condescended to give us 'Logic for the Million.'

All this is very gratifying in one point of view:—but it has another and a darker aspect than that which meets the eye of the superficial observer. The desire to please not unfrequently interferes with the endeavour to profit. Hence, vain efforts are made to discover royal roads to learning, short cuts are proposed, powerful locomotives are started, and all the appliances of modern engineering are brought to bear on the Herculean task of clearing away the difficulties that obstruct the path of knowledge. Error and delusion are the necessary consequences. People fancy that when they have read through some elementary manual containing the merest outline of some branch of knowledge, they may set themselves up as professors of it. The little smattering which they have gained is enough to fill them with self-conceit, but not sufficient to secure to them the benefits of useful information. This self-delusion is bad enough,—but the wilful deception of which some who cater for the million are guilty is much more objectionable. Promises are held out the performance of which is felt to be impossible,—and all the meanest artifices of quack medicine-venders are adopted by those who profess to be the instructors of mankind.

Far be it from us to insinuate that the author of 'Logic for the Million' is chargeable with these faults. We acquit him of all dishonesty of intention. No doubt, he thinks a knowledge of the art of reasoning likely to be of service to many who—from want of time, of natural capacity, or of previous training—are never likely to master abstruse technical treatises on the subject. Hence, he has endeavoured to bring it down to the level of their comprehension, by omitting difficult points and adopting a popular free-and-easy style. He has also sought to relieve the natural dullness of his subject by the introduction of scraps from all sources—books of every sort, pamphlets, reports, newspapers, speeches, sermons, letters and conversations. Even *Punch* and *Sam Slick* supply illustrations. "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures" are turned to account in a way which—we will be bound for it—the witty author never dreamed



possible. An immortality is secured for Lord John Russell's celebrated Durham Letter, by its being twice quoted in this work. Lengthened extracts are given, for the benefit of the million, from the decision of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council on the Gorham case. Several of George Robins's inimitable advertisements are quoted entire, as specimens of what the author terms "descriptive reasoning." Platform speeches and newspaper articles are snatched from oblivion. Above all, "an energetic controversy" which once took place "between a butcher's boy and the conductor of an omnibus," in the hearing of the author, is faithfully reported, the arguments on each side being drawn out with great distinctness and care. The dispute turned on the amount of fare due to the conductor for the conveyance of the boy and his meat. The arguments employed by both disputants seem to have been equal in number and length. As to their relative weight, the reader is left to judge for himself:—which we think rather too bad, considering the subtlety of the reasoning and the unusual importance of the case. The clenching argument of the conductor is thus conclusively put:—"If he had no money to pay the debt he had incurred, then he must leave a pledge till he fetched it;—whereupon, the conductor took a leg of mutton off the tray, and declared he would keep it till the sixpence was paid." This is a sort of argumentum ad captandam which we do not remember to have met with in any other treatise on logic. Whether the million require to be instructed in the art of reasoning after this fashion, may admit of some doubt. It appears to us a mode of illustration more forcible than appropriate.

We fully sympathize with the author's wish to amuse as well as instruct his reader. With Horace, we say—

—ridentem dicere verum  
Quid vetat? ut pueris olim dant crustula blandi  
Doctores, elementa velint ut discere prima.

At the same time, care should be taken to avoid being ridiculous, in the attempt to be entertaining. While, as we have already remarked, we give this Fellow of the Royal Society full credit for honesty of intention, we cannot help questioning his wisdom. We object to the catch-penny title of his book, as calculated to entrap the unwary. To call such a jumble of odds and ends *Logic for the Million* is absurd in the extreme. It is neither logic nor fit for the million. One would think from many passages that it was intended to be a burlesque on logic and logicians—a sort of Don Quixote or *Andalabras* in a small way—rather than a serious treatise on the subject. We will content ourselves with a single illustration. After an explanation of the distinction between accidental and essential attributes, the following piece of information occurs:—"If we take accidental attributes, and argue upon them as though they were essential, our reasonings will be erroneous. Thus, the poet Ovid had a large nose. This was a mere accidental circumstance, and was by no means essential to him as a poet. If, therefore, we were to meet a man in the street with a large nose, we should not be justified in inferring that he was a poet."—Among other things, we are told that it is useful for a husband to have a logical wife:—in proof of which a scriptural quotation is given, reciting the conversation between Manoaah and his wife after the appearance of an angel to them. Henceforward, therefore, logic must occupy a prominent place in the studies of every young lady who wishes to be a useful wife.

Under the head of "Fallacies connected with reasoning from written documents," the following curious specimen is given, without com-

ment, from 'Robinson's Notes to Claude's Essay on the Composition of a Sermon.'—

"Reverend Brethren,—Let me advise you to get drunk. You will perhaps think me doubly drunk in giving you such advice. But good men have got drunk. Noah was a good man, Lot was a good man; yet they both got drunk. You tell me our Lord said, 'Be not overcharged with drunkenness.' Mind, he did not say, Do not get drunk; but, be not overcharged with it. Now, can't you get drunk without being dead drunk? But you reply, St. Paul says, 'Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess.' Observe here again, he does not say, Be not drunk; but, be not excessively drunk. Observe, too, he says, Be not drunk with wine,—he does not prohibit spirits. So you may get drunk on beer or brandy, even to excess, without violating this injunction."

From what has been said, it will be pretty obvious that this anonymous publication is as unfit for the million as it is unworthy to be called logic. If the million want to learn logic, they must not come here,—but consult Whately's admirable and cheap little book called 'Easy Lessons on Reasoning.' Here they will find nothing bearing any resemblance to logic, beyond some extracts from Watts's obsolete work, and from one or two other writers on the subject: while Whately, in about a tenth of the space supplies more than ten times the amount of logical information for about a fourth of the price. The author of this work has done well in concealing his name. His present performance is too worthless to derive any weight from his other literary achievements, though it is quite capable of damaging a good reputation.

*A Voyage from Leith to Lapland; or, Pictures of Scandinavia in 1850.* By William Hurton. 2 vols. Bentley.

Mr. Hurton delights in "writing himself down" as "*der Wandernde Vogel*,"—which may be freely translated "the Straggling (or Stray) Bird."—This innocent little pleasantry is repeated with the persistence of a pee-wit's chirp, to give a poetical and picturesque air to pages not very fresh or very entertaining, though not wholly without their share of new matter. It may be generally said, that those whose descriptive powers are neither very strong nor very vivid must resort to expedients of the kind. It is easy to apostrophize and iterate,—less easy to write good English:—a rapturous epithet will deceive many who may love resonance, but who cannot dive deeply into the "fitness of things." One brief passage will prove that we are not unfair in characterizing Mr. Hurton as a lover of words.—

"It was night—a glorious ice-cold night, and I paced the little quarter-deck, and looked across the water in the direction of Elsinore. It was night—I stood by the side of the hardy Norwegian helmsman, and both were thoughtful, and both were silent, and both glanced keenly at a light ahead, which we were rapidly nearing, for he calculated the bearing of the ship by that light,—and I read in it the one word—HAMLET! Nearer and nearer—more and more distinct it groweth, and, lo! we are abreast of Elsinore! No stop—no pause—but onward speeds the schooner. There, in the moonlight, doth Kronborg gather up his giant limbs—there standeth forth his huge quadrangular bulk against the dark background of the heavens. The eye of *der Wandernde Vogel* burns, and he mutters words which the Norwegian steersman thinketh of mystic import;—the hand of *der Wandernde Vogel* holdeth a tiny copy of the 'cunningly devised fable,' yclepped 'Hamlet!' He readeth from it lines of marvellous application to the hour and the scene—yea, he readeth it by the argent moonbeams. Above him is 'this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave overhanging firmament, this majestical roof, fretted with fire,' and though 'the air bites shrewdly,' he heedeth it not, for his soul is aroused, and his vision straineth towards where the 'liegemen of the Dane' keep watch and ward, and where 'that fair and warlike

form in which the majesty of buried Denmark did sometimes march,' yet to his fancy may haply reappear! I speak literally, for I did gaze in this fashion on Kronborg."

The average reader, who may stop at will, as distinguished from the critical one sworn to hold out to the end—be his journey through the land of which *Euphues* is King ever so long—may be excused if the predominance of such ecstasies as the above tempt him to part company from Mr. Hurton at an early page of the *Stray Bird's* 'Voyage.' Yet, in so doing he might lose some pleasure and instruction:—since the latter portion of these volumes contains pictures which, if not precisely new, are unfamiliar. Here, for instance, is a scene in Scandinavia.—

"The entrance to Trömsdal was a rough wild tract of low ground, clothed with coarse wild grasses and dwarf underwood. There were many wild flowers, but none of notable beauty, the most abundant being the white flower of that delicious berry the *moltebar*. The dale itself runs with a gentle, but immense curve, between lofty ranges of rock, which swell upward with regularity. The bed of this dale, or ravine, is from one quarter to three quarters of a mile across, and the centre was one picturesque mass of underwood and bosky clumps. All shrubs, however, dwindled away up the mountains' sides, and the vegetation grew scantier the higher one looked, until, at an altitude of not more than one hundred yards above the level of the sea, the snow lay in considerable masses. Overhead hung a summer Italian sky! Looking backward, the entrance to Trömsdal seemed blocked up by towering snow-clad mountains; and, looking forward, there was a long green vista between walls of snow, closed at the extremity by huge fantastic rocks, nodding with accumulated loads of the same material. Down the grey rocks on each hand, countless little torrents were leaping. They crossed the bottom of the ravine every few yards, and all of them hurried to blend with Trömsdal Elv,—the river of Trömsdal,—which runs through the dale, and falls into the sea at its entrance. I had probably wandered four or five English miles down this noble dale, when a wild but mellow shout or halloo floated on the crisp sunny breeze from the opposite side. I listened eagerly for its repetition, and soon it was repeated, more distinctly and more musically, and then I felt sure that it was the call of a Lap to the herd of reins. \* \* \* They were on the far side of Elv; and just as I reached one bank of the stream, they came up to the other. The water here flowed with extreme violence, and was piercingly cold, but I unhesitatingly plunged in, and waded across. In a minute I was in the midst of the herd, and then saw that a Lap youth and Lap girl were engaged in driving them to the encampment. The youth had very bright playful hazel eyes, rather sunken, and small regular features of an interesting cast. His hands, like those of all Laps, are as small and finely shaped as those of any aristocrat. The simple reason for this is, that the Laps, from generation to generation, never perform any manual labour, and the very trifling work they necessarily do, is of the lightest kind. His *peesk* (the name of a sort of tunic, invariably worn by the Laplanders) was of sheepskin, the wool inwards, reaching to his knees. His boots were of the usual peaked shape, a few inches higher than his ankles, and made of the raw skin of the rein-deer, the hair being nearly all worn off. On his head was a round woollen cap, shaped precisely like a nightcap—with a red tassel, and a red worsted band round the rim. This species of cap is the favourite one worn by the Laps. The dress of the girl was similar in shape, but her *peesk* was of very coarse light-coloured woollen cloth, a material frequently used in summer for the *peesks* of both sexes, as being cooler than rein-deer skin or sheep skin. Her head was bare, and her hair hung low over her shoulders. Her features were minute, and the prettiest and most pleasing of any Lap I ever saw either before or since. The complexion was a tawny reddish hue—common to all Laplanders. The legs of the nymph in question were bare from the tops of her boots to the knee, and were extremely thick and clumsy—furnishing a



striking contrast to the delicate shape of her hands. The twain were accompanied by three little reindeer, and were very leisurely driving the herd onward, each having a branch of a tree in hand, to whisk about, to urge the deer on. The girl had a great coarse linen bag slung round her neck, and resting on her back. This she filled with a particular kind of moss as she went along. I asked her what she gathered it for, and she gave me to understand it was used in milking the reins, but in what manner was as yet to me a mystery. I found both the girl and the youth very good-natured, and the eyes of the latter especially sparkled with merry humour. They could speak only a very few words of Norwegian, but understood some of my questions in that language, and very readily answered them. They were driving the herd to be milked, and on my telling them I was an Englishman, come from afar to see them and their reins, they repeated the word 'Englek' several times in a tone of surprise, and regarded me with an interest and curiosity somewhat akin to what the appearance of one of their people would excite in an English city. \* \* I asked the girl to show me the moss the reins eat, and she did so (after a little search), and gathered me some. It is very short in summer, but long in winter. In Sweden, I learn that this most admirable provision of nature forms the sole support of the deer during nine months in the year (and in consequence, the existence of the Laplanders also depends on it), grows much more abundantly, and is of greater length; which is the reason most Laps prefer Swedish Lapmark for their winter wanderings. Coming to a marshy spot where a particular long, sharp, narrow grass grew, I plucked some, and asked the Laps if they did not use that to put in their boots in lieu of stockings? They instantly responded affirmatively. This is the celebrated bladder carex, or cyperus grass (the *carex vesicaria* of Linneus). I gathered some, and afterwards found it in several parts of the island of Tromsø; but it only grows in marshy spots. The Laps at all seasons stuff their boots quite full of it, and it effectually saves their feet from being frost-bitten. Onward we went, driving the herd, in which I gleefully helped, the three little dogs at times barking and fetching up stragglers. The Laps occasionally gave a short cry or urging shout to the reins, and I burst forth with my full-lunged English halloo, to the evident amusement of my companions. The scene was most exciting, and vividly brought to my recollection the forest scenes in 'As you like it.' The brilliant sunlight, the green grass, the sparkling murmuring Elv, the picturesque glen, the figures of the Laps, the moving herd of reins—the novelty of the whole was indescribably delightful. I found the reins did not make such a very loud 'clicking' noise as most travellers have asserted. Here were hundreds of reins striking their hoofs together, and yet the noise was certainly anything but loud from their cloven feet and horny fetlocks, and would hardly have been noticeable, had I not particularly listened for it. But another thing, of which I had never read any notice, struck me much—the loud snorting noise emitted by the deer at every step. Unpoetical as my fancy may seem, it reminded me most strongly of the grunting of swine, but was certainly not so coarse a noise, and, at the same time, partook much of the nature of a snort. The cause of the noise is this:—When the deer are heated, they do not throw off their heat in sweat—their skin is too thick for that; but, like the dog, they emit the heat through the mouth. \* \* We at length drew nigh the Lap encampment, consisting of two large *gammas* (summer huts), most rudely constructed of earth, stones, and trunks of trees; and also of a summer canvas tent. Besides these, were two or three extraordinary erections of trees and branches, which I shall hereafter describe. Between us and the encampment, flowed a bend of Trömsdal Elv, and on the north side of this, (the side we were on), were enclosed circus-like open places, each of a diameter of one hundred and fifty feet, as nearly as I could estimate. They were formed by stumps of trees and poles, set upright on the ground, and these were linked together by horizontal poles, and against the latter were reared birch poles and branches of trees, varying from six to ten feet in height, without the slightest attempt at neatness, the whole being as rude as well could be; but withal this enclosure was sufficiently secure to answer the

purpose of its builders. On the south side of the Elv, and about one hundred yards' distance, was a third similar enclosure. Soon we were joined by the whole Lappish tribe, who came by twos and threes, bringing with them all the instruments and appliances necessary for the important business of milking. These consisted of long thongs of reindeer skin, and also hempen cords of the manufacture of civilised men, for noosing the reins, and of bowls, kits, &c., to receive the milk. The bowls were thick clumsy things—round, and of about nine inches in diameter, with a projecting hand-hold. They would probably each hold a couple of quarts, and the edges inclined inwards, so as to prevent the milk from spilling over during the operation of milking. The large utensils for receiving the milk from these hand-bowls consisted of four wooden kits with covers, one iron pot, and a long keg or barrel. \* \* The entire number of Laps now assembled could not be less than forty, men, women, and children included; and the three dogs had been joined by at least a score of their brethren. The men, generally, were attired in rough and ragged peaks either of reindeer skin or of sheep skin; the hair of the latter being worn inwards, but of the former outwards. The women had all peaks of cloth, but their appearance was so strikingly similar to that of the men, and the hair of both sexes hung down over the shoulders and shaded the face so much, that it was, in some cases, difficult at the first glance to distinguish the sex of the younger adults. The heads of the women were bare, and they all wore girdles of leather, studded with glittering brass ornaments, of which they are excessively proud. The men wore caps, as already described, and plain leather girdles, with a knife attached in a sheath, and in some instances the women also wore a small knife. The children had miniature peaks of sheep skin, their only clothing. I had read of the generally diminutive stature of the Laplanders, and found them to be truly a dwarfish race. On an average the men did not appear to exceed five feet in height, and the women were considerably less. They were most of them very robust, however, and probably the circumference of their chest nearly equalled their height. The complexion of all was more or less tawny, their eyes light-coloured, and their hair either reddish or auburn, and its dangling masses added much to the wildness of their aspect. Some of them wore moustaches and beards.

It will not be unamusing to the reader to compare this picture with the Icelandic Sketches by Madame Ida Pfeiffer recently (*ante*, p. 541) introduced to the readers of the *Athenæum*. He will decide, we think, that the Vienna lady indulges in fewer airs and attitudes than the English gentleman. In one point the two are agreed—namely, in destroying our long-cherished notion of the hospitality of the North:—both of them assuring us that this is of the most prosaic and Swiss quality (as the adage runs) in its perpetual proportion to the weight of a "Stray Bird's" money bag.

To treat these volumes in orderly fashion, we should run over the table of contents. The first half of the work is devoted to Copenhagen, and contains very little which has not been better told before. Every new metropolis contains new sights for every new comer who possesses the true traveller's faculty,—but Mr. Hurton fails to present us with any of those touches which at once lay hold on the apprehensive mind, and the accumulation of which (as we have a hundred times found) is such a valuable preparation for foreign travel:—for there, by the side of the pleasure of surprise, the pleasures of fulfilment hold an almost equal place.—Mr. Hurton's experiences in Art and Poetry do not enable him to rise above commonplace when he has to deal with Thorwaldsen and Andersen—both stock topics with the Copenhagen tourist. Passing from Denmark, we have seen how high a flight was taken by the Straggling Bird "over against" Elsinore. We have not derived any very distinct additions to our anticipations of Norway from the portion of Mr. Hurton's voyage de-

voted to that country. His journals are garnished with verses, of which some slight specimens should perhaps be given. The following will suffice.—

O, the girls of Christiania! the merry, bonny girls!  
Their eyes are bright as diamonds, their teeth are white as pearls!  
Their necks are graceful as the swan's—their lovely bosoms glow,  
Beneath the tight-laced bodice gay, as pure as Norway's snow!

O, the girls of Christiania! their smile how arch and sweet!  
Their step how free on native hills—how sure their tiny feet!

They scale the dizzy mountain peaks, and clap their hands with glee,  
To see how they can swift outstrip a rover e'en like me!

In brief—and by way of parting—we may state, what indeed has been already indicated, that Mr. Hurton's best pages are those devoted to Lapland:—and from these, some of the best have been laid before the reader.

*Some Account of Domestic Architecture in England, from the Conquest to the End of the Thirteenth Century.* By T. Hudson Turner.

[Second Notice.]

BEFORE Mr. Turner directed his labours to the elucidation of the domestic architecture and home comforts of the English in mediæval times, we had little information on the subject on which it was safe to rely. Harrison and Leland were our two great authorities. Both these, however, describe rather what they saw between 1520 and 1570 than what actually existed anterior to the reign of Henry VIII. Yet, much may be drawn from their brief descriptions. How curious, for instance, is Harrison's account of the use of chimneys.—"There are old men," he says, "yet dwelling in the village where I remain, which have noted three things to be marvellously altered in England within their remembrance. One is, the multitude of chimneys lately erected, whereas in their young days there was not above two or three, if so many, in most uplandish towns of the realm (the religious houses and manor places of their lords always excepted, and peradventure some great personages), but each one made his fire against a rededose in the hall where he dined and dressed his meat." Leland observes, that the market-place and street of Nottingham, "both for the building on the side of it, for the very great wideness of the street, and the clear paving of it, is the most fairest without exception of all England,"—a character which the market-place of Nottingham retains, in some respects, to this day. From the same accurate observer we learn that most of the houses of Kingston-upon-Hull were of brick made without the south side of the town, at a place called "The Tylery;" that the whole town of Doncaster was "builded of wood and the houses slated, yet is there great plenty of stone thereabout." London, as is known to every schoolboy, was built principally of wood till the time of the Great Fire. The earliest building existing in this country built with bricks resembling the modern or Flemish brick, is Little Wenham Hall, in Suffolk, built about 1260. These bricks are about 9½ in. long, 4½ in. wide, and 2½ in. thick. In colour they are paler than ordinary red bricks,—but redder than the common white brick of Suffolk.

We have marked many curious passages for quotation from Mr. Turner's volume. "At the close of the reign of Henry III.," he tells us, "there were wild cattle in the wood of Osterley, in Middlesex,—then as in after times the property of a London citizen." This was Gisor,—from whom Gisor's, or Gerard's, Hall, in the City, derives its name. "At the close of the thirteenth century we find a novel appendage

to some of the king's houses, viz. baths. Edward I. probably brought the idea of them from the East,—or they were a luxury which might have been introduced among other novelties by his Castilian consort. There were baths at Ledes Castle, in Kent, and at the royal manor of Geddington, in Northamptonshire." "In royal halls the king's seat (*solum regale*) was often of stone, elaborately decorated with painting and gilding,—and was in the centre of a stone bench, which extended from one side of the dais to the other; but besides this seat the king sometimes had one at the high table, which would appear to have been moveable. Beyond these appliances, the hall seems to have been destitute of fittings." The King's Bench in Westminster Hall derives its name from the stone seat in the centre of the stone bench at the south end of the Hall.

Drainage was attended to during the reign of Henry III.—

"It was during Henry's reign also that perhaps the first attempt at underground drainage was made. The refuse and dirty water from the royal kitchens had long been carried through the great hall at Westminster, until, according to the language of the king's writ, the foul odours arising therefrom seriously affected the health of persons congregating at court; to remedy this evil, a subterranean conduit was devised, which conveyed these offensive matters into the Thames. Indeed, if a complete collection were made of all the sanitary regulations and provisions issued in the times of Henry and Edward the First, it would be found that we have not made any great advance on the notions then prevalent respecting public nuisances."

The supply of water was not neglected in the same reign.—

"It was in the thirteenth century that a conduit of water was first established in London; the earliest was probably made by the monks of Westminster, and the precincts of the abbey are to this day supplied from the original sources. The next was constructed by the 'citizens of London.' Henry had water conveyed, under ground, to his palace at Westminster, especially to his lavatory; his conduit may have communicated with that of the monks. The king granted as an especial favour to Edward Fitz-Otho, architect of the abbey, who had lodgings in the palace at Westminster, that he might have a pipe, of the size of a quill, to convey water from the royal conduit to his own quarters. Before, and after, the establishment of a conduit, water was hawked about the streets of London, as it still is, in some suburban districts, by 'water-carriers' (*acqua portarii*), who appear to have formed a considerable body in the twelfth century; the names frequently occur as witnesses of deeds in the thirteenth. The ordinary resources of the citizens, when distant from the river, were wells. The few Coroner's Rolls of this date remaining in the possession of the corporation of London show that many fatal accidents happened in attempting to cleanse wells."

The furniture of the dining-table in the thirteenth century was of a scanty character.—

"The huge salt was the chief ornament of the board; and on the royal table the goblets and plates and dishes were of silver, often gilt and enamelled; though in ordinary houses wooden bowls and trenchers only were used. Earthenware, although certainly made in this century in the form of pitchers and jugs, does not seem to have been applied to the fabrication of plates or dishes; probably the earliest instance of the use of the latter may be ascribed to the reign of Edward the First, when certain dishes and plates of earthenware were purchased from the cargo of a great ship which came from Spain, and which among other novelties brought the first oranges which are known to have been introduced into England."

Many of the drinking vessels were of exotic materials.—

"Some exotic materials also were used at this period for making drinking vessels. The cocoa-nut of the East (*nux de India*) had already been imported into the far north and was a favourite substance whereof to form goblets; Henry the Third

had three cups made of this nut, one of which was valued at 2*l.* 9*s.* He had also a gourd mounted in silver and set with precious stones, which was valued at the high price of 10*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*; and a glass cup set in silver, another of crystal, and one of alabaster; drinking cups were also made of what was called marble, probably agate. In the inventory of the property of Benedict, a Jew of Bristol, who was hanged, for clipping, one '*ciphus marmoreus*' is named. The horns of the buffalo (*bubalus*) and teeth of the walrus were likewise in use for potable purposes."

Forks were known earlier than has been hitherto supposed.—

"Notwithstanding the popular belief that forks were first introduced at the English dinner table in the seventeenth century, a supposition which may be said to rest on no better authority than Mr. Thomas Coryat 'his crudities,' it is certain they were in use at the royal table towards the close of the thirteenth century. Among the valuables found in the wardrobe of Edward the First after his death at Burgh-on-the-Sands in 1307, were six silver forks and one of gold. This fact, however, proves little more than that forks were known at an early period; it is very certain that they were not in common use. The fingers and knives of folks served for many centuries afterwards to enable them to eat their several meals. Meat was at this period often brought to table on a spit and served round by the attendants, when each guest as he pleased cut a portion with his knife. This fashion of serving is shown on the Bayeux tapestry and in numerous illuminations of a later date. Among princes and nobles these spits were usually formed of silver; Henry the Third had one of gold in which a 'serpent's tongue' (*lingua serpentina*) was set; in other words a shark's tooth, for so naturalists have named those singular fossils which for many centuries were brought by pilgrims from Malta, the supposed site of the shipwreck of St. Paul, under the belief that they were the petrified tongues of vipers and possessed of talismanic properties. The knives used at meals by the wealthier classes at this time had frequently handles of silver enamelled, or of agate or crystal. Spoons were common enough, and must have often served in place of forks; indeed the number of spoons, often of silver, owned by persons in the middle rank of life at this time, is rather extraordinary. Benedict the Bristol Jew, to whose effects reference has been already made, possessed one hundred and forty-one silver spoons, valued at 70*l.* 7*s.* 7*d.* They may have been pawned."

Mr. Turner tells us that the famous cloth called "Lincoln Green" is very rarely named in mediæval records.—

"The chief manufactures of England in this century were woollen cloths; Weavers' guilds are among the earliest named in the Exchequer records, which commence in the time of Henry the Second; the other guilds were those of Goldsmiths, Fullers, and Tanners. The fabric of woollens seems to have been very generally distributed over the country. In the north, Beverley was renowned for its russets and blues, and Lincoln for its scarlet, although 'Lincoln green' is more famous in popular tradition. In the west, Totnes was a great clothing town, and the capital of the trade in those parts. But at the same time large quantities of foreign manufactured cloths were imported, among which, those of Flanders, France, and Spain, were in great esteem, more especially all 'green, murrey, and blue cloths from beyond sea.'"

Not the least interesting portion of Mr. Turner's volumes is, his curious and instructive account of the state of horticulture in England in the thirteenth century.—

"From the time of Necham till the close of the thirteenth century we have little information respecting English horticulture except that which is supplied by records, authorities which are necessarily meagre in detail. In considering their contents it will be convenient to take the several fruits mentioned in some sort of order; and first as to the Pear. In accounts of the fourth and the twentieth years of Edward I., 1276, 1292, we find enumerated among purchases for the royal garden at Westminster, plants, or sets, of pears called Kaylewell, or Calswell, Rewl, or de Regula, and Pesse-pucelle; these are rude versions of the names of French varieties then in great

repute. The Kaylewell was the Caillou, a Burgundy pear; hard, of inferior quality, and fit only for baking or stewing. The Rewl was the pear of St. Règle, which we have seen noticed by Necham in the twelfth century; it appears to have derived its name from the village of St. Règle, in Touraine. The Pesse-pucelle may have been the variety anciently known in France as the 'Pucelle de Saintongue'; there was also another sort called 'Pucelle de Flandres.' Of these varieties the Caillou seems to have been most commonly grown in England: there is extant a writ of Henry III. directing his gardener to plant it both at Westminster and in the garden at the Tower. Much information as to the different kinds of pear known in this country in the thirteenth century, is derived from the bills delivered into the Treasury by the fruiterer of Edward I. in the year 1292. They enumerate in addition to the St. Règle, Caillou, and Pesse-pucelle pears, others named Martins, Dreyes, Sorells, Gold-knobs ('Gold-knops'), and Chaysills. If their prices are to be taken as any indication of the esteem in which the several varieties were held, or of their rarity, the St. Règle and Pesse-pucelle appear to have occupied the first places; the cost of those fruits ranging from 10*d.* to 2*s.* and 3*s.* a hundred; Martins sold at 8*d.*, the Caillou at 1*s.*, and the other sorts at 2*d.* or 3*d.* per hundred."

The Warden pear, Mr. Turner adds, derives its name from the horticultural skill of the Cistercian monks of Warden, in Bedfordshire; and the Warden pies, still famous in story, were not, as novelists describe, huge pasties of venison or other meat suited to the digestive capacities of gigantic wardens of feudal days, but pear pies. Oddly enough, we find Mr. Loudon observing that the Warden pear "was so called from its property of keeping,"—forgetting, or not knowing, that the seal of Warden Abbey bears a demi-crozier between three Warden pears!

Here we must conclude:—promising the reader that a huge Warden pie of curious information still remains for his digestion in Mr. Turner's valuable contribution to the history of the Middle Ages.

*The Mamelukes: a Romance of Life in Grand Cairo.* By A. A. Paton. 3 vols. Bentley.

This novel has been laid by for some weeks; but it has merits which raise it above the ranks of the ephemerals,—and, therefore, delayed notice will prove no disservice. Mr. Bayle St. John was about the last and best writer who indulged us with the realities of Alexandria and Cairo. That the romance of the latter city is safe in Mr. Paton's hands few who begin '*The Mamelukes*' will doubt. Its very first pages interest us in the "youthful Khaled" who, in the month of September, 1797, exchanged Syria for Egypt, and who is shown to be a youth of spirit and intelligence,—as all persons despatched on secret missions should be. Spirit and intelligence, however, be the one ever so volatile and the other ever so deep, go but a short way (as Mr. Borrow will bear us out in asserting) to match roguery, when roguery chooses to fix its desires on the saddlebags of a wayfarer; and accordingly, by a series of stratagems almost as cleverly narrated as they were executed, poor Khaled gets pillaged of all his possessions by picaroon travelling companions, and is thrown into the debtors gaol at Cairo,—being suspected of mal-practices. But the East has not lost its benefactors more than it has its sorcerers,—if his Grace of Northumberland is to be believed. There is a Cairene Howard—one Sheikh Cassim—who is addicted not merely to the visitation of prisons, but also to the release of those imprisoned. A few particulars of that visit of the Sheikh which includes Khaled will sharpen the reader's appetite for the sequel.—

"One young man, dressed as a townsman of the second or third order, reclined on a cushion, and had



been admitted the previous day. His face was pale, and his eyes sunk in their sockets, and he occasionally sighed. Sheikh Cassim asked him his case, and raising himself on his cushion spoke as follows:—"I began life as a servant, but you know that service, although an easy life, brings no gain, and being told that I should make more as a miller, I entered into partnership with another man in the quarter of Abdeen, and we took a mill; but let no man think to change his trade without paying for his schooling. I soon lost the little money I had saved; I was obliged to give my horse for a sum below its value to pay a debt; and from one difficulty to another, I am at length here. This is the second day of my confinement, but although my body is in the Cadi's prison, my mind is with my two little children in Abdeen. I have sought to sleep out my grief." So saying he pulled out a blue pocket handkerchief and wiped his tears. "Come, come, cousin, keep up your spirits," said Sheikh Cassim. "*Yom naam! yom bas!*—A day of grace, a day of evil! When things seem at their best the bad is brewing; when at their worst, the good must come."—"So saith my head to my heart," said the debtor; "and small comfort do I get from the reflection."—"And who is this young man beside you?" said Sheikh Cassim.—"He is in the same case as myself, with respect to his recent entrance into the prison; but while I think only of my family, I dare say he would be happy to drive the recollection out of his mind." Sheikh Cassim looked at his companion, and saw that he was a sunburnt youth, about fifteen years of age, looking as lugubrious as possible. Sheikh Cassim asked him his case, and he answered with great modesty, "I have been married a short time, and incurred considerable expense at the marriage, and subsequently with entertaining my wife's relations. I thought the joy for our union would never end, so constantly did I entertain all and sundry. "Welcome," said I each day to each new comer; each dinner party seemed to multiply the number of my new cousins and connections. At last, one day when my money was all spent, I pawned one of my wife's ornaments, and the number of my cousins seemed to diminish as suddenly as they had expanded. My wife then led me the life of a dog, with her stunning clack and ferocious temper; and having at length asserted my authority, she called me before the cadi, and being unable to produce her ornament, or her dowry, she falsely accused me of having hidden money, and I have thus been clapped into prison." On hearing this statement, Sheikh Hamood, the companion of Sheikh Cassim, indulged in so loud and unseemly a roar of laughter, as attracted the attention of all the prisoners upon him. Sheikh Hamood had something of the appearance of a satyr—a receding forehead, long nose towards which the strongly pronounced upper lip seemed half disposed to curl; a countenance deeply indented with the ravages of small pox, a certain dilation of his nostrils, and an arch drollery in the expression of his eyes, made his visage like an antique mask of comedy. "You ought," said Sheikh Hamood, "to have treated your relations as Nusreddin Effendi, of the guarded city of Akshehr, treated those who gave him gifts."—"And how did he treat them?" said the youth.—"A man having presented him with a hare, he asked him to come and assist to eat it. The donor of the hare having come with all his family, Hodja said 'welcome;' but the hare being insufficient to dine so many, other dishes were prepared. A few days afterwards some more free-and-easy persons presented themselves for the hospitality of the Hodja, Nusreddin Effendi. "A welcome, a double welcome," again said Hodja, in his inexhaustible goodness. "Who are you?"—"We are the friends of the man who gave you the hare." And Hodja again did the honours of an ample entertainment. A few days after that another set of friends presented themselves to our friend the Hodja. "And who are you?" said he to his new guests, with the most imperturbable good humour. "We are the neighbours of the friends of the family of the man who gave you the hare."—"Thrice welcome," said the Hodja, "pray be seated while the entertainment is prepared." Instead, however, of the pilaff and kabab, the entertainment consisted of a bowl of pure spring water. "Is this the way," said the stranger, "in which you treat the neighbours of the friends

of the man who has presented you with the hare?"—"Precisely so," said Hodja. "This water came from the same spring as the water that cooked the hare."—"If I had done so," said the young Kurd, "I should never have been here."

No one experienced in romance will receive a fatal shock on learning that Khaled's mysterious commission to Cairo has among its express objects the discomfiture—nay, the assassination—of this admirable Sheikh Cassim; for Khaled belongs to a family of Syrian assassins, bound by a vow to which Sheikh Cassim was obnoxious. In this contrivance, it will be seen, lies the true stuff for a romance of first quality. The struggle betwixt gratitude, repugnance, and ancestral command is further complicated in Khaled's case by love for a Christian maiden,—but Mr. Paton knows how to deal with difficulties, and will inspire most of those who bear him company with confidence in his power to deliver them from any maze he is ever so mazy. A column would not suffice the most succinct of abridgers to tell how the tale is wrought out:—so full is it of adventure. Nor is character wanting. Our favourite among the personages is neither the hero nor the heroine,—but the *Dominie Sampson*, Sheikh Hamood, owing to whose bewilderment and neglect the ill designs of those conspiring against Sheikh Cassim have a temporary success. To conclude, 'The Mamelukes' may be recommended as a lively book for midsummer—or for mid-winter—reading.

*A Lady's Voyage round the World*.—[*Eine Frauenfahrt um die Welt*]. By Ida Pfeiffer. Vienna, Gerold; London, Williams & Norgate.

OUR notice of Madame Pfeiffer's 'Iceland Tour' [see ante, p. 541] will have served as a preface to this account of her greater feat of circumnavigation. The reader, already acquainted with her bold character, with her motives and manner of travelling, will be ready to enter on the 'Voyage round the World' without further explanation of the reasons of so strange an enterprise. It will therefore suffice to say how it was performed; and to point to those traits which have struck us most forcibly in reading its adventures.

We have already observed, that in the journals of travellers like Madame Pfeiffer the chief interest is personal. We are pleased by the lively impressions of novelty on a simple and receptive nature,—or we pity the hardships encountered by one whom we have learned to like. In the present case, the traveller's sex, doubling whatever of hazard or difficulty lay in the design itself, naturally calls such purely human sympathies into the foreground. The parts of the world which she traversed have often been described before now—we cannot expect, nor are we much concerned at the moment to demand, any new illustration of these. Still it is both new and interesting to see the reflection of known scenes on a mind quite differing from those which have usually received their impressions; while something more than curiosity is due to the adventures of an "unprotected female," in passages of her journey which were rude and perilous enough to alarm the strongest man who should encounter them with such scanty appliances as hers.

In other respects the narrative need not detain us. We have already said that Madame Pfeiffer is not a learned lady; and her limited resources become, of course, more apparent when she expatiates in a field embracing an entire circuit of the globe. In writing the names of foreign places, things, or customs, she is seldom accurate;—and with no historical knowledge but such as guide-books or gazetteers may sup-

ply, her references to things past, and her comprehension of things present, in so many various lands, could not fail to be superficial. The same want also leaves her too much at the mercy of others in matters of hearsay; so that she is apt on such authority to relate the strangest things,—and can be deemed a safe reporter only of what she describes as from her own knowledge. Here we think she may be implicitly trusted, as a perfectly sincere journalist of her actual impressions. That such impressions, and the views affected by them, should change in the vicissitudes of travel, is consistent with human nature, not in the "various and mutable" sex only. Variations of this kind will certainly be found in going through Madame Pfeiffer's volumes which seem to have been copied with little subsequent alteration from the Diary that she kept on her journey. This manner of compiling, while it preserves the feelings of the moment, will naturally lead—as feelings are apt to change—to the preservation of remarks and conclusions inconsistent with others which have preceded them. On first reaching British India, for instance, Madame Pfeiffer landed in a mood not unjustly angered by the high fares and discomfort of the Hong Kong packet,—the first English steamer she had tried. Accordingly, for some time afterwards, she can hardly avoid seeing everything English in an oblique light,—and comments on what she sees with an asperity unusual in one so generally good-natured. At a later stage, after she had known the kindness and care which she owes to having experienced in every part of British India,—and still more, when subsequently exposed to very different treatment in Oriental Russia,—her Indian recollections take quite an altered tone. All such incongruities are explained by the remark, that we are reading a journal, written from day to day, and often under circumstances trying enough to fret the most equal temper. But this being observed, we see where the sole value of such a diary must lie,—in the personal fortunes, namely, of the traveller herself. These cannot want interest, when embarked in the boldest adventure of its kind that woman ever accomplished.

In June, 1846, Madame Pfeiffer sailed from Hamburg to Brazil in a Danish brig, which arrived in Rio on the 16th of September; and left it, on the 8th of December, in an English barque, for Valparaiso, where she landed on the 2nd of March, 1847. After a fortnight's stay, she took passage in a Dutch ship for Macao; touching by the way at Tahiti, where she stayed long enough to witness some curious effects of the new "civilization" introduced by the French "protectors" of Queen Pomare. From Macao, which she reached on the 8th of July, she sailed in a Chinese junk,—a bold experiment, tried for economy's sake,—to Canton; saw what Europeans may of that city, and returned in the same manner to Hong Kong, having been well treated by Chinese skippers and passengers on both occasions. At Hong Kong she took second-class berths for Ceylon *via* Singapore in the Oriental (English) Company's boats, of the charges and bad accommodation of which—for fore-cabin passengers—she bitterly complains:—we fear with too much reason. High fares may be excused by the expense of steam-vessels where coal has to be imported from Europe; but we know also that it is the vice of our carrying companies to neglect the cheaper sort of passengers for the sake of those who take the best places. She reached Ceylon on the 17th of October, and left the island ten days afterwards, in another British steamer, for Madras and Calcutta, where she landed on the 4th of Novem-



ber. In the following month she steamed up the Ganges to Benares;—travelled by post and bullock waggons to Allahabad, Agra, and Delhi;—which last city she reached on the 19th of January, 1848. Hitherto, with the exception of the two trips in the Chinese junks, she had always been under the safeguard of European conveyances; from Delhi she took a land route for Bombay in a bullock waggon, with native guides and drivers only, through territories not wholly under English sway,—her sole points of refuge being the stations of missionaries and of British residents at certain stages of her journey. These, indeed, spared no pains to assist and hospitably receive her wherever they were found; but the intervals were lonely, and not without danger. She reached Bombay on the 15th of March, and left it for Bussorah and Muscat in an English steamer, where, we are glad to hear, she was well treated,—as also in the government boat, which took her gratis up the Tigris to Baghdad. The trip lasted from April 23rd to May 12th. At this point the greater troubles of her journey may be said to have begun. There were part of Turkey and part of Persia—wild districts both—to be crossed before reaching Russia. On June 17th she set out to ride with a caravan for Mosul, through a bare and savage country, with no European in company, ignorant of all Eastern languages, and merely hoping to find American or German missionaries at the end of her journey. The privations, weariness, and danger of this, and of the further caravan routes from Mosul towards Tabriz, where her worst perils ended, were such as a strong body and a resolved mind alone could have enabled her to surmount. Nor was even the security of a caravan always available on this expedition. At one stage—Sah-Boulak—where the last convoy stopped, after waiting for another for some days, in wretched quarters, where she could make her wants known only by signs, she resolved, in mere desperation, to ride off by herself with a guide to Tabriz, a distance of fifty miles, across a country infested with marauders:—a feat that would be thought fool-hardy in a soldier. This whole expedition, indeed, all circumstances taken into account, is perhaps the most notable instance of female resolution and tenacity that we have ever read of. From Tabriz, which she reached on the 5th of August, 1848, she was more easily forwarded by English consular aid in a caravan to Erivan,—thence by post to Tiflis. She had now come once more into the region of European power; but Russian officials and post-drivers soon taught her that a lonely female may find better usage among the rudest Mohammedans of Kurdistan. Posting from Tiflis, on the 5th of September, along the southern line of the Caucasian range, she arrived at Marand (on the Rione, the ancient Phasis,) in four days;—a boat then carried her to Redont-Kale, on the Black Sea;—from whence a Russian steamer took her to Kertsch:—in another she went on to Odessa. Here, on the 17th of September, 1848, she was thankful to lose sight of Russian "civilization." It had been her design to visit Moscow and St. Petersburg before turning homewards; but her short experience of Muscovite treatment had been such that her only desire was to escape from it as soon as possible. The rest of the voyage, in steamers, by way of Constantinople, Smyrna, and Athens, to Trieste, where she arrived on the 30th of October, 1848, need hardly be mentioned. After her troubles and risks on the route from Baghdad to Kertsch, the rest of the way home must have seemed as easy to Madame Pfeiffer as a walk in the garden would to most of her sex. She had gone round the globe in two years and three months,—having, within that time, by her own calcula-

tion, traversed 34,950 (nautical) miles by water, and 2,762 (English) by land, independently of many small excursions taken from various stations during the journey.

In a case like this, events that look serious in ordinary voyages—sea storms, bad inns, rough roads, and rude company,—pass unnoticed as trifling casualties: our attention is fixed on stranger incidents in which the traveller's energy or endurance is brought out in relief by the circumstance of sex. Early in her journey, on an excursion from Rio to the German colony of Petropolis, her courage was sharply tested. She was wending her way on foot, in company with a certain Count Berchthold,—who seems on this occasion to have yielded the post of honour to his female companion. The district was said to be infested with runaway slaves; but—

the numerous convoys, driven by negroes, as well as single travellers on foot, of whom we met several, removed all apprehension; so that we took little notice of one negro who had for some time been dogging us. But upon our reaching a more solitary part of the road, he suddenly bounded forward, wielding in one hand a long knife, in the other a lasso, pressed upon us, and by signs rather than words gave us to understand that he meant to murder and drag us into the bush. We had no fire-arms, this part of the road having been described to us as quite safe; and had nothing, indeed, but our umbrellas to use in self-defence. I had, however, a pocket-knife, which I instantly drew out and opened, determined to sell my life dearly. We parried the stabs as well as we could with our umbrellas. But these did not hold out long; and, unluckily, the negro succeeded in grasping mine,—we struggled for its possession, it broke, and I retained merely a bit of the handle; but during the struggle he had let fall his knife, which rolled a few paces away; *I promptly darted after it*, and just thought I had got it, when he, quicker than I was, thrust me down with hand and foot, and recovered his weapon. He brandished it furiously over my head, and gave me two wounds, one a stab, the other a deep gash, both in the left fore-arm. I now thought myself lost; and desperation only gave me the courage to use my knife still. I stabbed at the negro's breast, he parried it, and I only wounded him smartly in the hand. The Count hastened up, and seized the fellow from behind, which gave me the opportunity of rising to my feet again. All this had been the affair of a few instants; the wound I had given the negro made him frantic; he gnashed his teeth at us like a wild beast, and brandished his knife with frightful rapidity. The Count, too, soon got a slash across the whole hand; and we should both have certainly perished, had not God sent us help. Horses' feet were heard on the paved road; the negro instantly quitted us, and fled into the bush. A moment afterwards two horsemen came round the turn of the road; we hastened towards them; our wounds, which bled copiously, as well as the cut-up umbrellas, soon explained our position.

The miscreant was pursued, caught and carried off to prison:—Madame Pfeiffer got "her wounds bound up," and then "*continued her journey*"—as if nothing had happened. But indeed, in every kind of courage "useful to travellers" we find her eminent. Some days later, on an expedition, alone, beyond the frontier of the white men, she accompanied the wild Indians in a forest hunt, the produce of which was "three parrots and a monkey,"—on which she was invited to feed.—

My hosts (she says,) cooked them, spitted on wooden skewers, by roasting over the fire. To make the meal the more savoury, they warmed in the ashes some heads of maize and roots; then, gathering broad fresh leaves, tore up the roast monkey with their hands into several portions, laid a good large piece of it on the leaves, adding to it a parrot, some maize and tubers, and set the whole before me. My appetite was boundless, as I had tasted nothing since morning; so *I began at once with the roast monkey*, which I found excellent; the parrot flesh was by no means equally tender and savoury.

Thus early does she practise a rule which we find her expressly mentioning at a later stage of her journey—when about to take a desert ride "from Baghdad to Ktesiphon:"—in search of the picturesque.—

My careful hostess (the lady of our Col. Rawlinson) would have furnished me with a quantity of provisions:—but my rule in travelling is to renounce all kinds of superfluity. Wherever I know I shall find human beings, I never carry any victuals with me; for what they can live upon I can too:—if I do not like their food, it must be because I am not properly hungry: in which case the remedy is to fast long enough, until it becomes so keen that any sort of meat grows welcome.

In the same brave practical spirit, she is prepared, when occasion requires it, to meet the hindrances which forbid active exertion in wading or climbing to the wearers of petticoats. The valleys of Tahiti, for instance, are cut up by innumerable watercourses:—there is no walking through the interior, unless you are ready to plunge into these at every half mile.—

Expeditions on foot in Tahiti are very fatiguing; as the abundance of water in this island is such, that you have frequently to wade through rivers and sand beds. *I was very suitably dressed for this: I wore strong men's shoes, no stockings, trousers, and a blouse*, which I tucked up as high as my hips. Thus accoutred, I started with a guide, on my journey.

At a moment's warning, too, she will trust herself on a bottomless volcanic lake in a vessel compared to which the bowl of the "wise men of Gotham" might seem a "great amiral."

To cross this lake (in Tahiti) you must either swim, or use a very alarming kind of boat, which every native can prepare in a few moments. Curiosity to try such an adventure induced me to make signs to the guide that I wished to cross the water. He immediately tore down a few stems of the Fehi (Pisang), tied them together with long stalks of tough grass, laid some leaves upon them, launched the raft into the water, and beckoned me to take possession of this shred of a ferry boat. I felt indeed some little alarm, but should have been ashamed to let it be seen. So I took my seat; and my guide, who followed, swimming, pushed the raft before him. I went and returned in safety; but I may honestly confess that I was not quite easy in my mind during the passage. The vessel was very slender, and it floated rather under water than upon it,—there was nothing to hold by, and every push threatened to throw you overboard.

"*I would not advise any one who cannot swim*," she coolly remarks, "*to try this way of sailing*."

Another instance, displaying what is perhaps the rarest kind of fortitude, will nearly complete the sketch of a resolute character which justifies its owner's self-reliance in whatever case of trial. She is making her slow way, through the Mahratta country, towards Bombay, in a bullock cart, with its driver and a single native guide.—

This driver, from the very outset of the journey, had seemed queer in his ways, if not quite mad; now he would quarrel with his cattle, now he cowered them; at times he would shout to the passengers that went by, at others he would turn and stare hard at me for some minutes together. But as I had with me a servant who always walked by the side of the bailli (waggon) I cared little for this. This morning, however, my servant had, without leave, gone on before to the next station; and I found myself alone with the crazy driver on a solitary road. After some time he got down from the waggon, and walked close behind it. These baillis are closed with matting at the sides only, and at either end are open,—so that I could easily have looked to see what he was about; but *I did not choose to turn round*, lest I should set him on thinking I suspected him of evil intentions. I merely turned my head gradually sideways, so that I could partly watch him. Soon afterwards he came forward again, and to my alarm took from the waggon the axe with

which every driver is provided; and again went to the rear. I now had no doubt that he had some mischief in his head; but I could not escape from him, and of course therefore could show no fear. But quite softly, and without attracting his notice, I drew my cloak within reach, and folded it well up, in order that I might at least guard my head with it in case he should strike at me with the hatchet. For some time he let me remain in this anxious state; and then once more returned to his seat, and stared hard at me,—after which he descended again. This proceeding he repeated many times in succession. At last, after a full hour, that seemed an eternity, he laid down the axe, settled himself in the waggon, and contented himself with glaring at me from time to time. In another hour we reached the station, and overtook my servant—whom from thenceforth I always kept at my side.

After a display of courage like this, other minor instances—of which there are many—may pass uncounted. We shall conclude our extracts with some of the lady's experiences of Russian character; which took her by surprise at a moment when she had just traversed without molestation, and not without hospitable treatment, what she had supposed would have proved the most barbarous tract of her journey.

The caravan from Tabriz crossed the Russian frontier at Natchivan on its way to Tiflis; and one evening was encamped at Sidin, to the north of Ararat,—

some fifty paces from the post road. Towards eight P.M., I went as far as the highway for a walk; and was about to return, when I heard the jingling bells of post-horses. I remained standing in the road to see the travellers go by,—a gentleman with an armed Cossack at his side, was seated in the open car. When it had passed me, I quietly turned round; but to my surprise, I heard the carriage stop, and nearly at the same moment felt myself seized by one arm. I tried to shake myself loose; pointed with the hand that was free to the caravan, and cried out that I belonged to it. The fellow immediately stopped my mouth with his other hand, and threw me upon the car; where the gentleman, too, laid hold of me. The Cossack mounted nimbly, and the postilion was made to drive off as hard as his horses could go. All this had happened so suddenly that I hardly knew what was the matter. The men held me tightly by the arms, and my mouth was not released until we had got so far from the caravan that my cries could no longer be heard there. Fortunately I was not overcome by fear; I at once supposed that these amiable Russians in their zeal must have taken me for some very dangerous person, and thought to make an important capture. When my mouth was free they began with the usual list of wise questions as to name, country, &c. I knew enough of Russian, indeed, to give them the required information; but this did not satisfy them;—they demanded to see my passport. If they would send for my trunk, I replied, I could avouch myself to their entire satisfaction. At last we came to the posthouse, where they put me into a room; the Cossack posted himself with his musket at the open door, so as to keep me always in his eye;—and the gentleman, too, whom by his dark green velvet facings I took for an imperial officer, remained for some time in the apartment. Half-an-hour afterwards came the postmaster, or whatever else he might be, to survey me, and hear an account of the doughty deed of my captors, who were not slow to describe the transaction at full length and with grinning countenances. I was forced to pass the night, thus strictly watched, on a wooden bench, without either linen or cloak, and suffering from hunger and thirst. They neither would give me a coverlet nor a morsel of bread; and whenever I rose from the bench, though but to take a turn in the room, the Cossack rushed upon me, and forced me back to the seat, with an order to keep quiet there. Towards morning my luggage arrived; I produced my papers—and was set free. But instead of making any apology for having ill-treated me, they laughed in my face; and as I passed out through the court, all the inmates pointed at me with their fingers and joined in chorus with the mirth of my

two provost marshals. Oh ye good Arabs, Turks, Persians and Hindoos,—nothing like this ever befel me at your hands!—\* \* and here in a christian empire!

At Jalta in the Crimea, where the steamer from Kertsch lands its passengers for a few hours, Madame Pfeiffer had reason to admire the address of Russian officers in a less violent way of punishing the stranger for being alone, and a woman. On preparing to embark again,—I had to wait more than two hours, as the gentlemen with whom I had to return on board had not yet finished their carouse. By the time that it was over, one of the party, an officer of the steamer, was so badly intoxicated that he could not walk. With the host's assistance, he was dragged by two of the gentlemen to the beach. Here our steamer's gig lay, but the sailors refused to put us on board; the boat was engaged for the captain. We had to hire another,—twenty silver copecks was the price asked. The gentlemen knew that I did not speak Russian, but they did not know that I understood the language a little. I could hear plainly enough what one of them said to the other in a whisper:—"I have no silver, let us make the lady pay for us!" After this, turning to me, he said in French, "the share of the charge which you have to pay comes to twenty copecks in silver." These were gentlemen, with pretensions, I suppose, to education and breeding!

A party of English tars, making no such pretensions, she soon afterwards fell in with in steaming down the Black Sea. Their mode of proceeding, however, she found somewhat more manly. The honest fellows, who had taken a vessel out to Odessa, were returning by Constantinople; and she won their hearts, she says, by speaking English to them. We fancy that finding a woman without friends in a strange country would of itself speak to them in a language that our sailors readily understand.

As soon as they observed that I had no companion, they asked me if I spoke Turkish well enough to manage with the boatmen and porters. Upon my saying that I did not, they proposed to take charge of everything for me, if I would go ashore with them. I gladly accepted their offer. On our way to the shore, a custom-house guard rowed up to us to search the baggage. In order to prevent him from delaying us, I slipped some money into his hand. When we reached the land, I wished to pay for our trip, but in vain; the English sailors would not let me do it. They said I had paid the custom-house man for the whole party; and it was now their turn to pay for the boat. I saw I should only have offended them by pressing them to take my money. They then engaged and settled with me for a porter, and we parted very good friends.

So must we, too,—having travelled almost to the verge of our limits in this brave lady's company. We have dwelt chiefly on passages which bring out the strong features of her character:—these, indeed, are the remarkable things in her journey,—which altogether, in virtue of them, may be termed unique. Of that part which most severely taxed her resolution and patience—the route, namely, from Baghdad to Tabriz, the idea of venturing on which alone was almost incredibly daring—we should have wished to have given some description; but the details necessary to explain the risks of the plan and the hardships of its execution ought to be given at full length, and followed from stage to stage. Compression would destroy the life and significance of the story; and those who desire to trace its incidents—which deserve to form an epoch in the annals of female adventure—must pursue them in Madame Pfeiffer's own simple but graphic sketches.

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collection of articles. During the whole of May the number of foreign visitors was comparatively low. Where are the Germans, Americans, French, Italians, and other strangers?—was a question on every lip. They were not there. The passenger-traffic across the Channel did not visibly increase. The artistic fancies which in multiplied prints had filled the parks and thoroughfares of the West-End with Spanish mantles, Turkish robes, Greek tunics, and other gorgeous dresses, seemed to have had no foundation in reality. A few days, however, have rapidly developed this picturesque feature. The scarlet-robed Tunisian is not now the only wearer of a bright costume in the Crystal Palace. The Andalusian cloak, the French blouse, the slouched hat of the Rhine, the turban of the East, the skull-cap of the Moors, and several other varieties of human envelopment may be seen there. It is curious and interesting to notice the wonder and delight of the wearers of these foreign garbs at all they see and learn. Nothing, however, seems to strike these strangers so much as the building itself,—so marvellously new, graceful, and imposing,—erected in a space of time so incredibly short, and with casualties so remarkably few for so vast a work. Next to this, the cotton and flax machinery seems to fill them with most wonder. The rapid increase of provincial visitors is still more remarkable. Agricultural implements, during the first month of the Exhibition hardly glanced at, now obtain a large share of attention from scientific and practical men. The Essex or Devonshire farmer, somewhat impatient of mediæval courts, chiselled marbles and Byzantine mosaics, may be seen diligently studying the last hints and improvements in ploughs, spades, harrows, carts, flails, threshers, clod-breakers, and so on. The Lancashire mechanic may be found intently poring over some new contrivance of a London machinist,—the Yorkshire wool-grower busy with comparisons between the produce of the merinos of Saxony and of Spain. A very visible change is observable in the aspect of the area. There is still, and ever must be, a strong determination of visitors to the transept,—that being the centre and the point of intersection; but a more general distribution of company over the galleries and recesses is obvious at a glance. The holders of season tickets are probably, for the most part, persons to whom the æsthetics of the place, its artistic arrangement, its beauty and satisfaction to the outward sense, have been, and will continue to be the chief attractions. To these it is first and foremost a lounge and a panorama unequalled for comfort, splendour and variety. For the details which occur beyond the first reach of the eye, and which do not form a striking part of the spectacle as seen from any favourite point of view, many of these visitors care little. The naves, the transept and the front galleries—the points from which the pictorial effects can best be taken, and the artist-sense most completely gratified—are the positions which are certain to be frequented by them. But visitors from the country towns and hamlets, from workshop and farm, seem to have a different object in view. Less sensible perhaps to the grace and beauty which come out in gleams of light and quakes of melody at every turn, they appear to set themselves more resolutely to study the particular construction and contrivances which have for them a practical interest. This is very noticeable with the artisan, both English and foreign. The blouses of Brussels and Paris seem to examine with intense curiosity the work in precious metals exhibited by the great London houses.

Education of eye and mind is going on at a thousand points at the same moment, directly and indirectly,—formally and informally,—by example, suggestion and illustration. It does not seem to us that even what are called the “idlers” of the Crystal Palace are altogether idle there. If they do not appear to examine minerals, compare the merits of rival ploughs, or pay much attention to the wool and cotton fabrics of the western nave, it would be a great mistake to suppose that their time necessarily passes away unimproved. The morals of the Palace do not all lie in its details. There is an education of the taste, a cultivation of that love of beauty which every one possesses in a

greater or less degree, which may be more important in some cases than the acquisition of special knowledge. The most listless lounge in the Exhibition is there at school. Consciously or unconsciously, he will receive at every sense lessons which cannot be altogether without effect in after life. The apparent idler may undervalue neither the edifice nor its contents—he may wish only to enjoy them both in his own way. Some minds cannot endure particulars. The poetic imagination loves to take in the whole at a glance,—to embrace the grand synthesis by a single effort,—not caring to stay its action until it may find time to analyze and separate the component elements of the picture. In such an edifice, Shakespeare or Raffaele, though a thousand things would have arrested them at last, would probably not have descended to the examination of details for many a day.

The events of the last fortnight in connexion with the Crystal Palace would furnish a curious contribution to the history of miscalculations. Contrary to prognostication, the shilling people have passed through the building without disorder. There was no crowd the first day—no *émeute* in Hyde Park—no cry for soldiers and police. The Palace has not come down like a house of cards. The aristocracy have not ceased their visits because the hard workers may chance to come “between the wind and their nobility.” It is in this respect a very satisfactory circumstance to find that, along with the Royal Family, eight or ten thousand season tickets go in every shilling day,—to see so many cornetted vehicles making their way through crowds of omnibuses to the doors,—to observe how completely all social distinctions are for the moment merged in the general feeling of pride and admiration at the wondrous result of science and labour exhibited in the Palace of Glass. Never before in England has there been so free and general a mixture of classes as under that roof:—and good results of many kinds it is to be expected will grow out of it in the future. Another circumstance has surprised the would-be prophets. Instead of the artisans staying in the Crystal Palace all day long, as was expected, it is found so far that the shilling visitors remain on an average little more than half the time of the season-ticket visitors. If this should prove to be a general rule, it will become a new and most important element in calculating the number of persons who may be admitted each day in the great week of crowds. If the first sixty thousand retire into the park by two or three o'clock in the day, another fifty or sixty thousand may be admitted afterwards without inconvenience.

The more our proposal to convert the Exhibition into a permanent gallery of natural produce and mechanical products is considered, the more practicable it appears. Unless some such scheme for rendering it self-supporting be adopted, it also becomes every day clearer that the Crystal Palace must come down. In this latter idea there is something startling, and altogether incredible. Russia, France or America, once possessed of such an edifice, devoted openly and solemnly as this has been, in face of all the world, to ends so truly catholic and noble,—no reasonable yearly cost of repairs would prevent either of them from maintaining it in all its pride and beauty. But we are a practical nation, and our rulers cannot afford to indulge us in an expensive luxury,—unless, perhaps, it were one out of which they could make political capital by their munificence. Downing Street does not subsidize theatres, support public gardens, found scientific institutions. The parks have been maintained because they are ancient royalties. A Palace in which neither younger brothers nor elderly dowagers can be lodged at the public expense is of no use to an English Minister. This sounds like satire,—but is simple truth. The Government, so far as we know, have made no change in their expressed determination to have nothing to do with the expenses of the Crystal Palace, present or future. On the other side, the governed, having obtained by their own spontaneous action and liberality an original structure, peculiarly English in its form and materials,

confessedly the most ædial and beautiful in Europe, are equally resolute not to permit its removal. We feel a strong assurance that it will be possible so to arrange matters that both parties to the contract may be satisfied:—that the people may retain their Industrial Palace, and the Government be relieved of every farthing of pecuniary responsibility.

When we propose to retain as a permanent gallery of nature and art an edifice which, however beautiful, is generally supposed to have been raised under the idea that it would be taken down at the end of the year,—it will be as well for us to state, once for all, that the Crystal Palace was *not* built as a temporary structure. That this was a stipulation in the bond, we are aware:—but we believe we are perfectly correct in stating that the contractors from the very first thought and hoped that it would never be removed,—and at a considerable sacrifice to themselves went so far beyond the letter of their bond as to erect a permanent structure where they were only required to erect a temporary one. The public have consequently got more for their money than they had reason to expect,—and to sell the work back again for what it cost them would be to make a bad bargain. If the Royal Commissioners will take the building on the terms already specified in their contract, and before laying down their functions induce the Queen and Government to appoint a body of active and experienced Trustees for it,—we think it can be shown very clearly that a considerable income might be obtained from it, without allowing it to be applied to any unworthy purpose,—more, in fact, than enough to pay all the expenses of repairs, renovations, and management, and leave a surplus to meet the demands of extraordinary years.

As this question of the probable return to be got out of a permanent Exhibition is the most material consideration in regard to the future prospects of the Crystal Palace,—we need not scruple to refer to the subject once more, that we may support the views which we have already advanced by such new illustrations as occur to us. Assuming, as we are justified in doing, that the physical features of the present Exhibition may be preserved, and a yet more ample development given to the departments of natural produce—especially to those of floriculture and horticulture,—we have already shown that from the most ordinary sources an income ranging between 15,000*l.* to 50,000*l.* a-year might be calculated on. This estimate, based on the probabilities of the case, is strengthened by a fact which has come to our immediate knowledge,—namely, that an eminent contractor already proposes to offer 20,000*l.* a-year as rental for the use of the building, in addition to keeping it in thorough repair. Such a thing as letting the people's palace, in the people's park, as a show-room to a private individual, is, of course, not to be thought of seriously; and we mention the circumstance only to show that men of business, looking at the matter commercially, see the probability of the edifice being made not only to pay its expenses but further to yield an ample revenue to the speculator. Some elements of the estimate on which such an offer might be based are open to all. A few inquiries in the proper quarters enable us to state that the cost of repairs, renovations, and decorations would not be more than from seven to eight thousand pounds a year for the next twenty years:—indeed on these terms, we believe, a contract could be easily obtained, so as to put this item of expenditure out of the category of uncertainties. The cost of servants, police, superintendence, and so forth, would probably not carry this amount higher than 15,000*l.* or 20,000*l.* This would be the entire outlay. On the other hand, there are 30,000 present holders of season tickets, a great part of whom would probably renew their tickets at the year's end at a guinea each,—there are nearly three millions of residents, foreigners, and provincial visitors in London every year, who are more or less sight-seers,—there are various scientific associations and learned bodies which would be glad to hold special sittings in the bays or galleries of the Palace,—there are many professors who in all probability would willingly pay fees for the privilege of giving



courses of lectures within its walls,—there are several popular and attractive Societies which, as we have reason to know, are anxious to transfer their annual or monthly exhibitions thither. This immense constituency does not exhaust the sources of income which may be foreseen. We have been told that the various floricultural societies of London are desirous of arranging to hold their Exhibitions in the splendid edifice,—and the income of these societies alone is said to be upwards of 30,000*l.* a year. All this gives an idea of the magnitude of the resources on which the supporters of a Universal Gallery of natural and human productions may rely for the financial success of their scheme. Indeed, the possible future uses of this magnificent show-room—fitted for a world's Institute—grow and multiply in the imagination, more and more as we allow it to dwell on the matter.

#### PRINCE ALBERT'S MODEL HOUSES.

AN inspection of this new building at the Cavalry Barracks in Hyde Park has convinced us that it answers most truly and worthily to the term "Model,"—the dwellings which it contains being in every respect exemplars of such as are needed for the labouring classes and their families. Habitations similarly planned and constructed would do very much towards improving the condition of those classes, both physically and morally. Their present dwellings are for the most part such as to render cleanliness and habits of decency all but impossible,—and so, to lead to a sullen disregard of these. It need scarcely be wondered at that modern prisons have small terrors for those who have such homes.

The "Albert Houses"—so to call them,—do, on the contrary, completely answer to the idea of home as including that of decency and comfort. They exhibit excellent contrivance and excellent construction. Besides convenience, which has been thoroughly studied to the minutest particular,—admirable provision has been made for efficient ventilation, and also against fire. In fact, danger from the latter cause is altogether obviated,—there being nothing except doors that could be by any possibility burn,—unless it were furniture, in which case there would of course be damage, but peril none. So far these houses possess a most important advantage over those ordinarily erected for and inhabited by the middling, and even the higher, classes. One important improvement as regards their construction is, that the rooms are separated not by mere framed wood-work partitions, but by brickwork. The application of hollow bricks is another; not so much on account of the economy of material, as because it prevents damp and the transmission of sound. In another respect both economy and durability have been well consulted, by rendering repairing or refreshing unnecessary; since, instead of being painted, the doors are of stained deal,—which not only makes a better appearance at first than ordinary painting such as could be afforded for houses of the kind would do, but requires no renovation afterwards. It is the same with the ceilings and walls, which being left to show a facing of glazed bricks, without plaster or other external coating, cannot exhibit decay by cracking or peeling off;—whereby, for dwellings of this class, decency of appearance is well consulted and provided for. The construction is such, that there is scarcely anything which is capable of injury, or incapable of resisting wear and tear for a much longer period than usual. Cleanliness would be in a manner forced on the occupants of such dwellings,—as nothing less than excessive and determined sluttishness could counteract what is done to facilitate orderly keeping and neatness. Such is the accommodation provided with respect to closets, cupboards, and shelves, that there is hardly occasion for a chest of drawers. A single table and some chairs are all the furniture required for the sitting room;—the window shutter being so made that it can be used as a dresser in the day time, or when not wanted for that purpose flapped down entirely. A well fitted-up scullery, with sink, plate-rack, coal bin, and dust shaft, and a water-closet, well supplied with a discharge of water, well

lighted and ventilated, and so placed as to be quite apart from the rooms,—complete the appointments of each dwelling.—In short, the degree of comfort is such as to be comparatively luxurious.

The four dwellings here united under one roof are precisely similar in every respect, save that two of them are on the ground-floor and the others over them. The access to the latter is by a staircase (whose stairs are of slate) within the general entrance porch, but screened off from it below, though quite open in its upper part to the balcony or second porch,—consequently open to the air also, at the same time that it is completely sheltered. By merely continuing the staircase another story, two additional dwellings might be obtained,—but we should deprecate such enlargement as greatly diminishing the comfort of the occupants. Six families instead of four would have to pass through the common entrance,—and four instead of two to pass up and down the staircase, which, though otherwise commodious, is somewhat narrow, therefore any additional traffic through it would be attended with inconvenience. Highly desirable is it that privacy and separation of the several families should be maintained as far as possible.

These model houses, we ought perhaps to remark, are especially favoured by circumstances which could hardly be hoped for elsewhere. The houses themselves might be precisely the same as the admirable pattern here set: yet were a considerable number of them to be put together on each side, not of a mere lane, but of a tolerably wide street, so as to form a neighbourhood, the copies would fall short of the originals in one material condition. Still, under any circumstances, however disadvantageous, of situation and neighbourhood, the erection of such dwellings for the labouring classes would be a blessing to them and a benefit to the rest of the community.—When all the good that may come out of this example is considered, these model houses are a noble contribution on the part of the Prince Consort to the Great Exhibition of 1851.

#### THE CHARGES AGAINST M. LIBRI.

IN the number of the *Athenæum* published on the 26th of last month [see ante, p. 453], you inserted a notice of the discoveries lately made in Paris, at the Mazarine Library, of a certain number of volumes which M. Libri had been accused of stealing from it,—and which had actually never been out of their places on its shelves. Will you now permit me to communicate to you a similar, and not less curious, discovery just made at the British Museum,—which also rebuts the vile accusation brought in France, by his political and scientific enemies, against that illustrious *savant*?

Having lately arrived in England, whither artistic studies and literary labours summoned me, and knowing that the British Museum contained a considerable number of volumes which had formerly been in the public libraries of France, I requested from Mr. Panizzi permission to institute a search in the large collection formed by King George the Third for certain works which M. Libri had been accused of having stolen. Permit me, now,—without alluding to other facts not less remarkable, but which I reserve for another occasion—to state what has been the most striking result of one day's search.

The *Moniteur* of the 3rd of August 1850, column 2692, expresses itself thus on the subject of a rare work belonging to the Mazarine Library:—"L'Origine degli volgari proverbii," of Aloyse Cinthio, Venice, 1526, in folio, had also disappeared from that Library. It appeared in the Catalogue Libri, under the incorrect date of 1527. The copy sold by the accused still bears on the title-page the trace of a large circular stamp, and it is easy to see on the last page a hole of the same shape covered over with paper."

Now, on my personal knowledge, I assure you, that M. Libri gave information to the French magistrates at the proper time of the name of the bookseller who sold him the work in question; but in consequence of the repairs and the erasures, the counsel employed to draw up the brief of accusation persisted in maintaining that this copy was the same as the one which the Mazarine Library had

lost. In consequence, this book was seized and placed under seal at Paris.

Well, the following narrative should cause men to falter in their judgments,—and when the life or honour of a citizen is concerned, not content with appearances or presumptions, to demand positive proofs. What follows is neither argument nor conjecture,—but a simple fact, which every English citizen may, when he will, go and verify for himself at the British Museum. The volume supposed to be stolen by M. Libri from the Mazarine Library has been many years here, in London, in the library of King George the Third,—where chance enabled me to discover it. It is marked 80. h. 14.—and is of the edition of Venice 1526. In short, as proof clear, positive and undeniable, it bears on its first, as on its last page, the stamp of the Mazarine Library as plainly and distinctly as before the precious volume left France. I will add, that this copy is inscribed in page 7 of the third volume (published in 1827) of your "Catalogus Bibliothecæ Regiæ,"—and that it is in the binding adopted by George the Third, having the royal arms on the sides and the device *Honi soit qui mal y pense*. To complete its identity, this book bears on the first leaf a note in the hand-writing of the Rev. Mr. Glover,—then sub-librarian to King George the Fourth, and now librarian of Her Majesty Queen Victoria at Windsor.

Ought not this discovery to open the eyes of those who, without inquiry and in consequence of anonymous denunciations, have rashly accused one of the most illustrious *savants* and zealous bibliophiles of the present day?

One word more—the cry of my conscience,—and I have done. If I had the misfortune to be one of the commissioners who have accused or of the judges who have condemned M. Libri without a hearing, I should not have a moment's rest until I had obtained a revision of the verdict. I should fear lest the public might deem me of the same opinion as Queen Christine, whose only expression of remorse for the murder of Monaldeschi was—"Bah, it is only one Italian less!"

I am, &c., ACHILLE JUBINAL.

Sablottière Hotel.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

LAST week a meeting of publishers and others interested in the copyright question, as it stands in relation to foreigners and foreign works published in England, was held in Soho Square:—when it was resolved, after a long and desultory discussion, to make an appeal to the House of Lords for a final settlement of the meaning which is in future to be attributed to the statute. A subscription was entered into with a view to raise a sufficient fund to cover the expenses of this appeal.—Under the circumstances of the case, this seems to be the only course likely to lead to any satisfactory result. But, the fact that a body of private individuals, a part of whose business has been brought into legal peril under the express sanction of the Court of Exchequer, should in consequence of a counter-decision in another court be put to the trouble and expense of settling a point of legal interpretation between the Judges, brings out in a striking way one of the monstrous anomalies of our law of procedure. If two of these cannot agree as to the meaning of a statute, it is most unjust to involve the public in costly suits to find out who is right. Of course, we do not wish to make the Judges despotic. Like other men, they are liable to error—to be misled by a plausible argument—to misconstrue the words of an enactment. Their decisions must be open to correction. But to the unprofessional mind it seems only honest and reasonable that when the interpreters of the law who are appointed, paid, and held in high regard, by the State, fail to agree in their interpretation, the State itself should possess some machinery by which the conflicting opinions of its high officials might be brought to a cheap and speedy arbitrament. Were there any means by which this could be done, unsettled points of law would soon be arranged, and the Judges would be deprived of a part of the discretionary power that in corrupt times is liable to be used corruptly. In the mean time, while the copyright question is in so unsatisfactory a state as regards the reprints of

works of English writers in other countries, it may be to some extent useful, in keeping publication attention fixed on the subject, that these conflicting decisions have been given.

Though he has for many years disappeared from the world of literature—having thrown his stores of knowledge and his poetical impulses into Parliamentary oratory,—the late Mr. Richard Lalor Sheil's death must not pass unrecorded.—Of his career and works we may speak on some future day:—meanwhile we may record his claims as a successful dramatist—'Evdadne' having been one of the glories of Miss O'Neill's reign. We believe, too, that, among other anonymous writings of his, the collection of sketches of Irish jurisprudence which excited so much interest when published in the *New Monthly Magazine* under Mr. Campbell's editorship may be ascribed to the farvid Irish orator.

From Stockholm we hear of the death of Dr. André Carlsson, Bishop of Calmar,—and author of numerous and important works on philology, theology and jurisprudence. He occupied at one time the chair of Greek language and literature at the University of Lund,—and was, say the Swedish papers, in his place in the Diet, a champion of religious liberty and parliamentary reform. He has died at the great age of 94.—Poland has lost a writer of distinction—chiefly on geographical subjects—in the person of Count Stanislaus Plater.

Mr. Wyld's Great Globe being now open to the public,—we are bound, having predicted of it what we did when in preparation [see *ante*, p. 295], to say, that the general result, now that the whole is put together, fully realizes the expectations which we had formed from an examination of the sections. We believe it will be found to be eminently instructive. Even the sight-seer must on viewing it entertain a very different idea of the Earth's surface from that which previously possessed his mind if educated, as most men have been, in geography from ordinary maps. The first great physical fact which strikes us on entering is—one well known, of course, but never so emphatically conveyed to the imagination before,—the vast expanse of water in comparison with the dry land which constitutes the Earth's surface. The second is, the very small elevation of the islands—particularly those which owe their elevation to the labours of the coral insects—above the waters of the great Pacific,—and the evident indication that these are but the tops of a range of subaqueous mountains extending like a belt across that mighty ocean.—Ascending the galleries, we are at once instructed in the system of river drainage: and this is most strikingly shown in South America,—where, owing to the elevation of the Andean range, nearly the whole of the northern centre of that great continent is drained into the Amazon. The elevations of the mountains and the formations of lakes and inland seas thereby are beautifully shown:—and nothing is more striking than the physical phenomena of the Mediterranean Sea, with its characteristic islands, and of the Black and Caspian Seas. The surfaces of the continents and of the islands are most faithfully represented with all their elevations and depressions,—the active volcanoes are indicated,—and the limits of perpetual snow are marked. In colouring the globe the tints have been varied to represent as nearly as possible the conditions of the surface; and the effects of the ice-bound regions of the Pole, and the forest realms of the Americas and of tropical Asia, are well contrasted with the burning glare of the great Deserts of Central Africa. Physical geography was never so well taught before. A globe like this once constructed,—it will be easy to lay down on its surface numerous important facts, and to show the operations of fixed laws in producing Nature's great phenomena.

The following is from an Australian paper of the 6th of February.—"The Brothers has made a very quick run from Honolulu of twenty-nine days,—which is one of the quickest passages on record. Capt. Stavers states, that the day prior to his departure, the British consul had received intelligence of two vessels wrecked in St. George's Sound, supposed to be Sir John Franklin's,—and that two

of Her Majesty's brigs were despatched to ascertain the truth of the assertion."

Six years ago there were but four steam ships plying between the Old World and the New. With in the last year, Liverpool, Halifax and New York have been brought into weekly communication in summer—fortnightly in winter. But this arrangement no longer meets the ever-growing wants of the two countries. This month, it has been determined by the British and North American Royal Mail Steam Ship Company to run their vessels every week throughout the year. More persons already pass between England and America than between England and the Continent: but there is this difference, that the great majority pass over the wide Atlantic never to return to the old country. Could the cost of transit be lowered, there would be a vast deal more tripping and touring of middle-class Englishmen in the United States, with a probability of much good resulting from it to both countries. The amount of communication is increasing so rapidly, that in ten years from this time we shall probably have our daily departures and arrivals at Galway, Liverpool, and Southampton, to and from one Continent, as we have now at Folkestone, Dover and Ramsgate to and from the other.

The *Builder* says, a new project is about to be started for the construction of a great central station at Smithfield, with extensions to it from all the great metropolitan lines. The proposed capital is 3,000,000*l.* It is estimated that the undertaking will yield an income from all sources of 392,187*l.*; and deducting 92,187*l.* for working expenses (rather a small proportion according to Herapath), there will remain a profit of 300,000*l.*—or 10 per cent. on the capital invested.

The following is from a correspondent in Copenhagen.—"The Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries of Copenhagen held a general anniversary meeting on the 15th of February, at the palace of Christiansborg, the King of Denmark, as President, being in the chair. The Secretary, Prof. Rafn, read a report of the transactions of the Society for the past year; and presented the new volumes of the Society's 'Archæological Journal,' and the 'Annals of Northern Archaeology and History,' which had been published. He announced, besides, that the printing of the second volume of the work 'Antiquités Russes et Orientales,' which he had been engaged in preparing and editing under the auspices of the Society, had been continued without interruption. He communicated as a specimen of the work the biography of Björn Arneirson; and laid before the Society a Genealogical Table which he had completed of this Icelandic warrior and poet,—who had performed a notable deed of heroism in Russia in 1009 while in the service of Vladimir the Great, by slaying a hostile chieftain. He exhibited some fragments of parchment containing parts of the Saga of this distinguished hero; which sheets Arne Magnussen in the year 1707 received from the identical valley in western Iceland in which this man of note was born and in which he afterwards made his home. The Archaeological Committee exhibited from the Museum of Northern Antiquities two remarkable collections of antiquities which had been lately discovered and deposited in the museum. Remarks on these were made by MM. Thomsen, Worsaae, and other members. The museum has been augmented during the last year by 132 donations and acquisitions,—containing in all 464 numbers.—The King explained and illustrated more precisely by drafts and ground-plans the excavations which during the past summer he had caused to be made under his special direction in the ruins of the old castles of Söborg and Adserbo, in the North of Seeland."

The Sub-Marine Telegraph Company propose, as soon as their arrangements are completed, to lay down in the bed of the Channel a series of wires in connexion with all the great telegraphic lines on the Continent—French, Belgian, Dutch, Prussian, German, and Austrian, so as to make London the centre of the arterial system of Europe. This is certainly better, if found practicable, than the old plan of a single wire or set of wires having the same points of intersection and completion. For England the chief political object to be sought in

the arrangement of the telegraphic system is, to place the communication with those ports of the Mediterranean which are used by the Indian mails out of as much risk from war or other sinister event as possible, without diminishing its rapidity and certainty. With one wire at Calais and another at Ostend we should have two distinct and independent lines passing through the heart of Europe, one terminating at Marseilles, the other at Trieste. With respect to electrical communication, the relative geographical advantages of the two ports are curiously reversed. As soon as the railway system is completed in the South of France, that will be the quickest route to Egypt for passengers and goods; but as Trieste is nearer to Alexandria, the impendable agent that is independent alike of time and of space is sooner brought from the East to that point and so sent on its errand.

In these days when cheap interments are so much talked about, and the heraldic pomp of funerals lives only in description, some of our readers will doubtless like to know what was the cost of the funeral of the late Queen Dowager. Her Majesty, it will be remembered, desired to be buried without ostentation—in a way that should be at once quiet and decent,—yet her funeral cost 2,844*l.* 3*s.* 11*d.* This seems dear enough even for ostentation.

In the South Sanchie coal-mines, lying about seven miles from Stirling Castle, a fire has been burning for more than thirty years. Attempts have frequently been made to extinguish the devastating element, but always, until a few weeks ago, without success. The seam of the fossil, about nine feet in thickness, is larger than the huge blocks now lying at the western entrance of the Crystal Palace,—and the ravages of the fire have extended under and through an area of twenty-six acres. Mr. Goldsworthy Gurney has at length effected its extinguishment by means of a powerful stream of choke-damp. His method was, to force this choke-damp through the mine, by means of a high-pressure steam-jet, at such a temperature as would not only put out the fire, but also cool down the hollows and crevices of the mine to so low a degree of heat as would prevent a re-ignition when the atmosphere was again admitted,—and at such a pressure as would force the common air to escape for the time by all the shafts and leakages of the mine. The experiment appears to have been entirely successful.

The Americans are a wonderful people. Texas and California—the Mormons and the Rappites—slavery and rowdyism—will not satisfy their craving appetite for novelty and excitement. Though characteristic of the restless spirit of the land, the newest wonder does not, like so many of its predecessors, borrow its principal charm from a monstrous mixture of the criminal and the superstitious. A change of dress is not a very serious matter,—but the nature of the change may provoke a good-humoured smile. Tired, it seems, of the fashions of Europe—too long the slaves of Paris and London in all that relates to female frippery and finery,—the *belles* of Washington and New York are turning their attention to the green and scarlet vests, the muslin trousers and embroidered buskins, of Constantinople. Some of the bolder spirits have already appeared in the public streets in this Oriental costume,—adding a curious and picturesque feature to the somewhat prosy lines and hues of the Broadway. Whether this new mode will triumph in the States is as yet uncertain; but the leaders of *ton* in its literary cities, it is said, smile graciously on the pioneers in this so-called path of reform. The wife and daughters of a certain poet are said to astonish public meetings and morning lectures by the brilliance of their new costume. If the women take generally to the close-fitting vest and continuations, we suppose the men will of course have to don the flowing robes and gowns of the East. Fashion is proverbially inconstant. But who could have expected, now that Turk and Egyptian, Tunisian and Algerine, are all taking to coat-tails and pantaloons, that the hatchet-faced descendants of the Goths would take to the bright draperies of the semi-barbarous Asia? How Jonathan could continue to go a-head at his usual pace in such a dress, we are scarcely able to imagine.



Nor, when the blue stocking, so common in the United States, has given way before the invasion of jewelled anklets and ample drapery, are we aware whether the innovator is to give up morning lectures and scientific *conversations* for the ottoman and the narghilly, after the manner of the prototype. But fancy the descendants of Quakers and Pilgrim Fathers, who planted such stern maxims of society on those shores, falling into these vanities and vexations! How astonished would plain William Penn or austere Governor Bradford be to see a bevy of New World beauties sail into church or meeting—as either of them might if now alive—in the gorgeous costume of the Asiatics!

In our weekly daguerreotypes of the living manners and intellectual progress of the age, we have so frequently to indicate a morbid condition of mind in our Transatlantic cousins, that we willingly place also on record facts like the following, which at least tend to suggest that that condition is not to be considered normal,—and which may be proposed as a very wholesome hint to ourselves, and one even yet more wanted by our neighbours over the Channel. At the late sale of Professor Webster's library and laboratory, no attempt was made by puffs and paragraphs to excite in the public mind, as is too often the case, a sort of diseased appetite for the possession of these relics; and the articles themselves, at a very quiet public auction-room, were disposed of for about a third of their real value. From a determination—in the best taste—to repress the zeal of curious collectors, the autograph of the unfortunate Professor was cut out of every volume,—at the penalty of reducing the proceeds of the sale from the amount of their value as monstrosities to that of their mere price as books. A single volume, by accident, escaped this honourable mutilation;—and that accordingly illustrated the moral of the precaution. It became the subject of a morbid contest, and was sold for a fictitious value.

**ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE.**  
THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY IS NOW OPEN.—Admission (from Eight o'clock till Seven), 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.  
JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Sec.

**SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.**—The FORTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East, from Nine till Dusk.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.  
GEORGE FRIPP, Secretary.

**BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.**  
THE GALLERY with a Collection of PICTURES by ANCIENT MASTERS and deceased BRITISH ARTISTS, will be OPENED on MONDAY, the 28th inst., and continue open DAILY, from Ten to Six.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.  
GEORGE NICOL, Secretary.

**AMATEURS.**—The EXHIBITION OF DRAWINGS, &c. by ENGLISH AMATEURS, IS NOW OPEN DAILY, at the Gallery, No. 121, Pall Mall (opposite the Opera Colonnade), from Ten till Dusk.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

**THE ORIGINAL DIORAMA, Regent's Park.**—NOW EXHIBITING, Two highly interesting Pictures, each 70 feet broad and 50 feet high, representing MOUNT ETNA, in Sicily, during an Eruption; and the ROYAL CASTLE of STOLZENFELS on the Rhine, with various effects. Admission to both Pictures only One Shilling.—Children under twelve years, half-price. Open from Ten till Six.

**GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION, 14, Regent Street.**—The DIORAMA of the OVERLAND MAIL to INDIA, exhibiting the following places, viz., Southampton, Bay of Biscay, Cintra, Tarifa, the Tagus, Gibraltar, Algiers, Malta, Alexandria, Cairo, Suez, the Red Sea, Aden, Ceylon, Madras, Calcutta, and the addition of the "Taj Mahal," the exterior by moonlight, the beautiful gateway, and the gorgeous interior, IS NOW OPEN DAILY, at Twelve, Three, and Eight o'clock.—Admission, 1s.; Reserved Seats, 2s.; Stalls, 3s.

**TOURISTS' GALLERY.**—Mr. Charles Marshall's GRAND TOUR OF EUROPE, Great Moving Diorama, Large Hall, Leicester Square (Linwood Gallery), presents to the spectator imaginary visits to the most remarkable cities of Europe, the Scenery down the Danube to Constantinople, — Rome, — Venice, — Excursions through Switzerland over the Alps, — Napoleon's great work, the Tunnelled Gorge of Gondo, of the Simplon Pass, — The Bernese Alps and the sublime Mont Blanc — Excursions down the picturesque Rhine and home. — The White Cliffs of Britain. Accompanied by historical and statistical descriptions. — Hours of Exhibition at Twelve, Three, and Eight o'clock. Admission, 1s.; Reserved Seats, 2s.; Stalls, 3s.

**PILGRIMAGE THROUGH THE HOLY LAND.**—The largest DIORAMA of JERUSALEM and the HOLY LAND ever exhibited. — The Figures life-size and all the objects of corresponding magnitude and grandeur. Painted under the direction of Mr. W. Bayly, from authentic sketches by Mr. W. H. Bartlett, Author of "Walks about Jerusalem," &c., with splendid Dioramic and Musical Effects. Daily, at Twelve, Three, and Eight o'clock.—Admission, 1s.; Reserved Seats, 2s. 6d.  
ST. GEORGE'S GALLERY, HYDE PARK CORNER.

**WHITSUN HOLYDAYS.**  
**ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.**—ROTATION OF THE EARTH, exhibited by FOUCAULT'S Experiment.—ROASTING HOLLAND STEWING, &c. by U.S.S. its great economy as shown by numerous ingenious contrivances deposited by the GAS-FITTERS' ASSOCIATION.—ELECTRIC EPL, the only living specimen of Europe.—LITHOGRAPHY on SOLUBLE and GRANIT Experiments.—A LECTURE on the HISTORY of the HARP, by Frederick Chatterton, Esq., with Vocal Illustrations of Miss Blanche Young, R.A. of Music.—TWO SERIES OF SPECTACULAR DISSECTIONS.—THE DIVING and DIVING BELL, &c. &c.—Admission, 1s.; Schools, Half-price.

## SCIENTIFIC

## SOCIETIES.

**ROYAL.**—May 22.—The Earl of Rosse, President, in the chair.—The following papers were read:—'On the Annual Variation of the Magnetic Declination at different Periods,' by Col. Sabine. — 'Supplementary Observations on the Diffusion of Liquids,' by Prof. Graham.

**GEOLOGICAL.**—May 28.—D. Sharpe, Esq. V.P. in the chair.—The following communications were read:—'On the Geological Structure of the Mountain Range of Western Persia,' by W. K. Loftus, Esq.—'On the Remains of Fish in the Silurian Rocks of Great Britain,' by J. W. Salter, Esq.—'On the Elevation of the Malvern Hills,' by H. E. Strickland, Esq.

**SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.**—May 29.—Lord Mahon, President, in the chair.—The table displayed a great variety of early weapons in stone, bronze and iron, in illustration of a paper by Mr. Akerman:—especially for the purpose of establishing one point, on which he dwelt emphatically, viz.—that the arms of all people in what may be called a savage state are very similar. Thus, the weapons of the New Zealanders, of the natives of Australia, and of the ancient Irish were shown to be nearly identical, and extremely like those of the Britons, Franks and Gauls, as well as of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers,—which, however, had undergone some improvements. Mr. Akerman entered into different questions connected with early modes of offence and defence, and enforced two particulars. One of these, as we understood it, was, that although the *bipennis* was mentioned by several authorities, no specimen of it had been brought to light in excavations in this country or in France:—the second was, that nobody had yet discovered an example of the barbed spear, or javelin, which it was known that the French constantly employed most effectively against their enemies,—the fact that they used it at all depending solely on the statements of early writers on military antiquities. Of course, Mr. Akerman entered, in some degree, into the subject of incineration and interment, and into the objects most usually found in graves and barrows. The specimens on the table were contributed by Lord Londesborough, Mr. Wylie, Mr. Porrett, Mr. R. Smith, and various other members.

**INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.**—May 19.—C. R. Cockerell, Esq. V.P., in the chair.—E. Sharpe, Esq. read an essay 'On the Subordination and Distinctive Characteristics of the Mouldings of the Seven Periods of English Architecture:—those seven periods having been defined in a work recently published by Mr. Sharpe, the object of which is to suggest a new classification and nomenclature of our national architecture, which may be free from some of the objections attending the system of Mr. Rickman. The paper was illustrated by an exterior and interior elevation of a portion of an ecclesiastical building in each style,—and by a series of diagrams, showing the prevailing forms of arch and other mouldings in the corresponding eras. Mr. Sharpe distinguished the characteristic features of the respective periods, and demonstrated the striking differences which mark their mouldings. His arrangement of the subject is as follows:—ROMANESQUE, comprising the *Saxon Period*, anterior to 1066,—and the *Norman Period*, from 1066 to 1145;—the *Transitional Period*, displaying the mixture of round and pointed arches, 1145 to 1190; and *GOTHIC*, in four periods,—namely, the *Lancet Period*, 1190 to 1245,—the *Geometrical Period*, 1245 to 1315,—the *Curvilinear Period*, 1315 to 1360,—and the *Rectilinear Period*, 1360 to 1550:—the latter two being equivalent to the "Decorated" and "Perpendicular" of Mr. Rickman.—The author's remarks and illustrations were received with much applause.

**ETHNOLOGICAL.**—June 4.—A conversation was held,—at which the leading ethnologists were present. Mr. Brent exhibited some remarkable casts and drawings,—and also tables showing the comparative heights and weights of several thousand

men, chiefly natives of Great Britain and France. Water colour portraits of several varieties of the human race by Mrs. Ward were exhibited. The Hon. Secretary read an address 'On the nature, objects, and evidences of ethnological science.'

## MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

**Mon.** Geographical, 8.  
**Tues.** Royal Institution, 8.—'On Manufactures and Construction,' by Prof. E. Cowper.  
— Zoological, 8.—Scientific Business.  
**Wed.** Geological, half-past 8.—'On the Permian Strata at Asker, Lancashire,' by G. W. Ormerod, Esq. F.G.S.—'On Fish from the Deccan, India,' by Col. Sykes, F.G.S.—'On the Physical Evidence of an Arctic Climate during the Formation of the Erratic Tertiary of Great Britain,' by J. Trimmer, Esq. F.G.S.  
— Literary Fund, 8.  
**Thurs.** Royal Institution, 8.—'On Cosmical Philosophy,' by Dr. Rev. Baden Powell.  
— Royal Society of Literature, 4.  
**Fri.** Royal Institution, half-past 8.—'On Schopenhauer's Opus,' by Prof. Faraday.  
— Astronomical, 8.  
— Philological, 8.

## FINE ARTS

## ROYAL ACADEMY.

Two clever little pictures by Mr. Le Jeune, *Anglers* (No. 45) and *Archers* (101), are remarkable for their harmonious arrangement and precision of touch.—In fancy and in taste, Mr. A. E. Chalon's design of *The Seasons* (102) is a study well adapted for the purposes of palatial decoration.—A little picture, *The First Letter* (97), by Miss M. A. Cole, may be noticed for pains-taking and completeness.—In *Job and the Messenger* (133), by Mr. J. T. Linnell (a son of the distinguished artist of the name), we recognize the pressages of qualification for historic treatment.—*Stepping-stones*—*North Wales* (156) is a very agreeable picture by Miss Eliza Goodall.—Very like the place, and of much general merit, is the view of *Florence* (187), by the Hon. C. J. Hardinge.—In *Christ borne from the Mount* (202) Mr. C. H. Lee has displayed much feeling. However defective in completion some of its parts may be, it is no common-place design,—and will be regarded as the artist's most important effort.—Of the same class is Mr. W. J. Grant's picture, *The Accusation of Haman* (329). These last two pictures, and that already named by Mr. J. T. Linnell, are healthy evidences of the disposition of some of our younger students to strike out from the paths of mere imitation, and grapple with the difficulties of invention and arrangement. Such student performances the Academy should protect and cherish.—Mr. Grant's picture shows steady advance.

A portrait study, *After the Ball* (336), is an excellent little picture by Mr. C. Baxter, very carefully elaborated.—Mr. J. Tenniel's *Sketch for a large Picture in Progress, representing allegorically the great Industrial Meeting of all Nations A.D. 1851* (388) exhibits the facility with which this gentleman combines groups—like Mr. Madox Brown—after the mode which one of our leading artists has made familiar. Great variety is suggested by the personages who are actors in this combination, and there is a picturesqueness resulting both from differences of costume and from pictorial contrivance.—In Mr. W. C. T. Dobson's *St. John leading the blessed Virgin to his Home after the Circumcision* (513) there are care and feeling,—but at the same time there is want of spirit and vitality. Delicacy is, however, a better side to err on than coarseness.

In the category of the Scripture historical,—Mr. H. O'Neil has again gone to the Book of *Ezra* (514). Ahasuerus, whose rest is disturbed, is seen listening to the perusal of the Chronicles, which he has commanded to be brought. This is a composition of ability.—A follower of the manner, if not of the matter, of Wilkie is Mr. T. Faed of Edinburgh,—possessing much of the mechanical talent which that renowned artist bequeathed as a kind of patrimonial inheritance to the sons of Scotland. In *Cottage Piety* (455), in the scene from 'Auld Robin Gray' (620), and in *The First Step* (811), the later technical bias of the great painter is reproduced, in the management of means. The pictures are full of talent,—exhibiting completely the modes of practice which are peculiar to the Edinburgh school.—Of the Scottish school practising in London,—Mr. Alexander Johnson, in his *Family*



Worship (689) shows more enlarged resources and greater independence of authority:—while Mr. Philip, in *Scotch Washing* (529), in a *Sunbeam* (686), and in *The Spaewife of the Clachen* (819) displays more extensive and more varied powers than any of his confères. We have observed the career of this artist with much attention for some seasons past, and find it always progressive.

An *Incident in the Life of William Rufus* (640) has furnished Mr. T. J. Barker with the motives for a large combination of figures and animals,—the latter being rendered with much spirit and vigour.

In the north room, formerly devoted to the exhibition of architectural drawings, but which has now been appropriated to such oil pictures as without this arrangement must have been excluded for want of space, will be found many meritorious works. Among those most worthy of notice may be named—a charming landscape by Mr. J. Middleton, *A Fine Day in February* (687), illusive for its truth,—Mr. F. W. Key's carefully painted little picture, *At the Well, a Century ago*,—Mr. A. Rankley's *Pharisee and Publican* (707),—Mr. T. Danby's *Meeting of the Season, in North Wales* (712),—Mr. C. Brocky's *Tenets and Phaon* (714),—Mr. A. Scheffer's *St. John writing the Apocalypse* (752), having less melodramatic sentiment than is usually seen in such works of the French school,—and Mr. T. H. Wilson's *Reading of a New Piece in the Green-Room of the Adelphi* (769).—Mr. H. Pickersgill's *Finding of Moses by Pharaoh's Daughter* (778) is also to be noticed for its meritorious design. There is much merit, too, in Mr. G. E. Hering's *Convent near Niz* (793).—Mr. A. Salmon has again shown considerable sense of humour in *An Awkward Position* (817). This picture represents an incident in the life of Goldsmith:—the details of which are executed with much attention to costume, &c.

Of the pre-Raffaëlite brethren little need now be said,—since what has been already said was said in vain. Mr. Charles Collins is this year the most prominent among this band, in *Convent Thoughts* (493). There is an earnestness in this work worth a thousand artistic hypercises which insist on the true rendering of a buckle or a belt, while they allow the beauties of the human form divine to be lost sight of. Mr. Millais exhibits his old perversity in a scene from Tennyson, *Mariana* (561), and in the *Return of the Dove to the Ark* (651). The last is a good thought marred by its art-language. *The Woodman's Daughter* (799) is of the same bad school:—and Mr. Hunt brings up the rearward move by a scene from 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona'—*Valentine receiving Sylvia from Proteus* (594).

There is nothing new to be urged respecting the decline of portrait-painting but that the walls of the Academy this year bear additional testimony to the fact. From the death of Lawrence to the present time, now more than twenty years, this noble art has been gradually subsiding into the mere record of literal fact—ignoring those great principles which made it in days of yore a means of historical record.

Mr. Pickersgill maintains his ground as the leader among his class. His *Lord Brougham* (66) is a good manly presentment,—one of that class of whole-lengths by the artist which are met with in our civic and other halls. It is, however, in the *Portrait of the Rev. Dr. Routh, President of Magdalen College, Oxford*, (390) that we find the best expression of Mr. Pickersgill's power. There is an individuality in this picture worth a dozen of those masterly vaguenesses which seek to disguise incapacity under the garb of freedom, and which retail the commonplaces of Reynolds and Gainsborough until the originals themselves are brought into disrepute by the unwholesome plagiarisms. There is excellent painting in the *Head Master of Rugby School, the Rev. Dr. Goulburn* (189). In *A Falconer* (8) Mr. Pickersgill has been very successful in a fancy picture. In the *Portrait of Dr. Watson* (449) there is also masterly treatment. Other pictures by the same hand are evidences of large experience and of conscientious dealing.

Sir John Watson Gordon contributes a whole-length of *Sir Wm. Gibson Craig*, the Member for Edinburgh (15),—and portraits of *John Wilson*, the Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of the same city (50),—of *The Duke of Argyll* (61),—of *Sir John Pakenham* (76),—also a subscription picture of *Dr. Conolly* (469). All these are marked by simplicity of treatment, breadth of effect, and truthfulness to nature.

By Mr. Hollins, there is an excellent picture of *Mr. F. R. Lee*, the Academician (214),—low in tone,—representing the distinguished landscape painter thoughtfully engaged about the fabrication of a fly for his next fishing adventure. A *Portrait of Lord Ponsonby* (19) is remarkable for the clearness of its colour and delicacy of marking in the features. There is also by the same hand, a small study of *Mr. Henry Perkins* (565). In these the painter has shown more decision and more force than have been hitherto found in his pictures.—From the pencil of Mr. Knight, the principal success is in the head of *Mr. Robinson*, the engraver (198). The portrait of *Charles Barry, R.A.* (85) is a good resemblance. There is also much power in the whole-length of the Mayor of Norwich, *Samuel Bignold, Esq.* (195),—although it has the look of less completion than the former.—Mr. Frank Grant's pictures have also less finish than usual,—nor are either of his female pictures to be compared with the charming portrait of his daughter last season. *Mrs. Philip Miles* (69), *Miss Malli* and *Mrs. Livesey* (190), the latter of which is the least familiar in design, are characterized by haste and incompleteness:—the hands of the latter more especially. The great painters from Vandyke to Lawrence, made these extremities conspicuous points in female portraiture. Mr. Grant's best picture is, that of *Mr. Justice Erle* (141). He has been unfortunate in his version of *The Lord Chancellor* (421). The humour of the eye is lost,—and the proportions of the mouth exceed in extent those of the learned Lord as he may any day be seen in Chancery Lane or at Westminster.

One of the best whole-lengths in the Exhibition is that by Mr. D. Macnee of *Dr. Wardlaw* (54),—masculine in character, very painter-like in its effect, and carefully drawn in its parts.

Perhaps the best female portrait in the room has been contributed by Mrs. Carpenter,—that of *Mrs. Henry Marshall* (199). Her little son, who is by her side, is another of those exemplifications of infantine form which no one treats more happily than Mrs. Carpenter,—and of which there is still better example in *The Children of T. J. Thompson, Esq.* (24). *Mrs. Charles Dickinson* (661) is another good example of this artist's skill.—Mr. L. W. Desanges' portrait of *The Duchess of Manchester* (119) is to be noticed for a striking and graceful presentment, somewhat interfered with by certain inaccuracies of form—yet marked by taste and solid and careful execution. There is by Mrs. Richards a *Portrait of Herself* (166) of much merit,—more as a picture than as a piece of individuality.—Mr. Boxall's portrait of *John Gibson, R.A.* (180) presents a poetical version of the sculptor's countenance, one highly flattering to the artist represented, but not strictly within the limits of the truth. A very graceful little portrait is that of *The Hon. Mrs. Richard Cavendish Boyle* (566). *George and Edward, Children of the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Watson* (745) is a group of portraits which could have been designed only by an artist accustomed to the exercise of historic art. In these three pictures, Mr. Boxall has shown variety befitting the various natures of his subjects.—By Mr. F. R. Say there is a good portrait of *John Nevill Birch, Esq.* (191),—worthy of a less elevated situation. *The very Rev. the Dean of Durham* (436) is a whole-length of whose class we have known better things from the hands of this painter. *The Portrait of a Lady* (93) is of a better quality of art as it is a more interesting subject.—By Mr. Eddis, *His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury* (7), *The Lord Bishop of London* (429), and *Lord Overstone* (480) reveal literal tendencies of style; as do also Mr. P. Westcott's portrait of *The Venerable Archdeacon Brooks* (394), and the portrait of *William*

*Lockell, Esq.*, the first Mayor of Salford (523).—Mr. Newenham's Portraits of two Ladies are not to be overlooked for clearness and character. *Mrs. T. Lyon Fellows* (488) and *The Lady Helena Newenham* (458) will satisfy much more than many of the treacley, ill-defined conglomerations of shapes and tints of the notables of fashion.—Mr. Lucas has meritorious contributions, in the *Portrait of Mr. Pickering* (479), the *Portrait of a Lady* (499) and the *Portrait of the late George Stephenson, Esq.* (721). It is seldom that the Keeper of the Dulwich Gallery is seen in the walk of portraiture in oil. *The Portrait of the Rev. David Melville, Principal of Bishop Hatfield's Hall, Durham* (457) is no mean evidence of success on increased dimensions, satisfactorily showing Mr. Lenning's power in both mediums.—There is an interesting portrait of *Mr. Prescott, the Historian*, by Mr. Henry W. Phillips,—and a Group, by Mr. Buckner of beautiful faces—*The Misses Monk, Daughters of the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol* (230).

In the department of water-colour painting, one of the portrait painters in miniature surpasses most of his brethren in oil. Mr. Thorburn is pre-eminent. Having an extensive acquaintance with the works of the old masters—a sound appreciation of Titian and Rembrandt more immediately—he distances all competitors, by invention which does not strain after the improbable and taste which is sound and refined. For expression, there can be no higher example of Mr. Thorburn's power than the whole-length figure of *Lady Melbourne* (961),—exquisite in feeling and drawn and painted with an effect that has sacrificed every unnecessary detail to the interest of the head and face. This is a work to take rank with the best of its class. As a specimen of masculine and vigorous character, we may quote the two half-length figures of *H.R.H. Prince Albert* and *H.R.H. the Duke of Saxe-Coburg* (987),—to make a picture of which some of the individualities of the physiognomy of the first have been confessedly sacrificed. The conception, however, and general treatment of this group place it on a par with some of the first examples of military portraiture known. In dealing with the details of the costume, &c., the skill of the painter is manifested in making the objects subserve to the highest artistic purpose. In the whole-length of a Life Guards officer, *Sir Alexander Acland Hood, Bart.* (1059)—a finely drawn head and magnificently painted figure,—every form is drawn with consummate skill. The virility which marks these last three portraits is well contrasted by the feminine softness in the figures of *Mrs. Dukinfield Astley and her Sister, Miss Jones* (1005),—a picture as full of fancy as any work in the collection, and as suggestive of a sentiment and a story. Mr. Thorburn has never equalled this picture for mind and taste. Of a more individual cast is the group of *The Countess of Chesterfield and Lady Evelyn Stanhope* (1027). In the whole-length of *The Hon. Mrs. Yorke* (1080) his sense of effect is demonstrated in a treatment of details that has adopted the principles of a Rembrandt without sacrificing too much of the subtleties of form. They who delight in the intricacies of detail may revel in the minutiae of lace and drapery with which the *embonpoint* form of *The Hon. Mrs. Upton* (1091) is invested. No better illustration could be cited of the union of detail with breadth than in this picture. In a word, Mr. Thorburn has fairly mastered himself,—to say which is to admit that he has distanced his competitors.

By Sir W. Ross, there are—a whole-length of the President of the French Republic *Prince Louis Napoleon* (1006),—an admirable portrait of *The Hon. and Rev. Lord Arthur Hervey* (1029), carefully drawn and in a characteristic pose,—a delicate little picture of *H.R.H. the Princess Royal* (986) dressed like an Oriental princess,—and a charming study of *Miss Lawrie Walpole* (953). There is much fancy in the portraits of two children seated on the bench, *Lord Angus and Lord Charles Douglas* (1026). *The Lady Truro* (1058) is one of Sir W. Ross's best pictures of the season.

Of the Royal Institution celebrities recorded by Sir William Newton it may be said, that they wear

rather the courtly smile of the drawing-room than the earnest and sincere look of plain and honest science. Thus, *Mr. Babbage* (954), *Mr. Brande* (1025), and *The Rev. John Barlow* (1054) look smooth and polished. They wear the air of complacency rather than that of thought.

There is a miniature of a gentleman not to be overlooked from the pencil of Herr J. Möllen, a foreign artist:—who also contributes others of *The King of Denmark* (989), and of the Danish minister here, *Count Reventlow* (990). The portrait, however, to which we allude, and which much surpasses his other productions, is, that of *A Gentleman* (955). It is a work of very extraordinary merit. It is wrought with extreme care, drawn and coloured with the greatest precision, and finished with all the elaboration of a Denner; while it is preserved from that painter's insipidity by the philosophic treatment of Herr Möllen. The picture is, we perceive, the property of H.R.H. Prince Albert,—who may be congratulated on its possession.

Among the other miniatures, may be noticed a most excellent whole-length figure of the *Lady Gibson Maitland* (895), by Mr. E. Moira.—*A Portrait of a Gentleman* (889), by Mr. W. Watson,—*William Whitfield* (903), by Mr. T. Carrick,—and *Mr. Drury Love*, by the same artist.—Miss A. Cole's *Portrait of A Lady* (899) and *Miss Julia Lawrence* (949),—and Miss Fanny Corboux's frame of three miniatures (952). Messrs. Moira, Carrick, Darham, Colten, and others contribute numerous; but it is difficult to particularize where the merits are of so average an order.

Of drawings in chalk the natural size, some of the best are by Mr. Watts—*Mrs. J. Ruskin* (1098)—*Colonel Rawlinson* (1125), who is made to stare a little too much—*Henry Taylor* (1144)—and *Thomas Wright, of Manchester* (1167), are good evidences of his skill. Mr. Alfred Chalon has one of his groups of theatrical personages—*Carlotta Grisi, Amalie Ferraris, and Louise Tagliioni, as the Graces* (1139), sketched with the facility and picturesqueness usual to his style. *Minie* (1149), a little study of an innocent girl, is an excellent expression of Mr. Chalon's fancy. We must not overlook a good masculine portrait of *The Hon. Lieut.-General Lygon* (1148), by Mr. J. Dehaussy,—nor an elegantly designed female figure, with excellently painted details of costume and accessories, *The Bouquet* (1195), by Mr. J. Bostock,—nor a *Portrait of a Lady*, in chalk (1140), by Mr. H. T. Wells, nor *The Lady Ward* (1121), by Mr. J. Hayter,—nor the *Lady Claude Hamilton* (973), by the same artist. We must mention, too, three drawings of Russian subjects, by a Russian artist, A. Yoon:—*Russian Peasants relieving the Exiles to Siberia* (1180),—*Russian Peasants* (1212),—and *Changing Horses in Russia* (1225),—all remarkable for vigour of drawing and originality of style.

#### EXHIBITION OF SKETCHES AND DRAWINGS BY AMATEUR ARTISTS.

By means of an association like the present we may arrive at some estimate of the amateur talent which exists in this country. The Exhibition, hastily got up, and including a limited number of contributors, speaks very favourably for the amount of non-professional power:—and the professional artist will be pleased to learn that his own labours are likely to be better appreciated where a practical knowledge of his art is united to those theoretical views which are the common property of persons of general education.

The drawings contributed to this Exhibition by Miss Blake are such as would make a good reputation for any professor. *The Priest's Window, Nuremberg* (No. 5) has beautifully-drawn architectural details. *Quedlinburg in the Heart* (25) is of first-rate quality for force, delicacy, atmospheric truth, and completion:—and *The Italian Mother* (129) is a highly-finished study, rich in colour and full of force of light and shade. Charming, too, are the *Studies from Nature* (137) by Miss Swinburne. They are not very attractive as subjects,—but they are studied with a care and devotion that are remarkable. Their success nearly resembles that obtained in similar presentments by an Ostade or a Mulready.

There are capital effects in Sir W. Herries's

*Views of Curzola in Dalmatia* (2) and of *The Bay of Chenchria near Corinth, the Acro Corinthus in the distance* (6). *The View from Goodwood Park, near the Summer-House* (15), by Lieut.-Col. the Hon. A. Liddell, is full of effect, expanse, and clearness of colour of a Poussin-like quality. There is most careful drawing in the *View across the Court of the Lions in the Alhambra* (14), and in *The Interior of the Baptistery of the Duomo at Padua* (17) by Mrs. Higford Burr. The *obra morsa* in the first is as elegantly drawn as the character of the frescoes in the last is carefully preserved.—Great interest attaches to Mr. Leslie's *Sketch made on the spot of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem* (20).

One of the most complete drawings here is, Mr. Selwyn's *Interior of the Cloisters of the Capuchin Convent, at Rome* (125). It is very clever,—and has a look of reality, achieved with a true painterlike feeling. It even deserves the term admirable.

By the Lady Honoria Cadogan there are many studies of subjects abroad and at home. By the Lady Augusta Cadogan there is a frame (27) of three portraits:—one of *Lady Londesborough*, being not only extremely like but gracefully drawn. There are some bold studies of *Rosalie* (60) by the same Lady.—Mr. Robert Clive's *Sketch of Zurich* (21) reminds us not slightly of Stanfield. There are *Views of Mount Hor and Aaron's Tomb in Petra* (26) and of *Trebizond Harbour* (38)—acceptable because it is rare that our professional artists penetrate to those remote parts.—Mr. George Nicholson has expressed great space in *Thun, from the Churchyard* (28). His *Bay of Tangiers* (32) is a delicate version of the scene.

Mr. Heathcote's drawings are remarkable for their breadth and masterly conduct. *Queen Elizabeth's Hunting-Lodge, Epping Forest* (82),—*Lock Earn Head* (86),—*Ryde, Isle of Wight*,—and *View on the Thames, near Hampton Court*, the last two in one frame, are all excellent. In *Yasley and Whitelaea Mere* (101) the sky is too much separated in effect,—wanting a little more breadth and uniformity of feeling. Dewint need not have been ashamed to have produced some of these drawings,—so masterly are they. *Tivoli* (95) and *Ronda* (99) are masterly studies by the Hon. C. Hardinge,—resembling in quality many that we know at his father's house. By the Hon. Lieut.-Colonel Percy there are, a *Study of Niagara from the Under Horse-Shoe Fall* (107),—*The River St. Lawrence and Mouth of the Saguenay* (110),—and a view on the same river *Near the Chaudière Bridge, Quebec* (121)—which speak well for the occupations of some of our officers when in depot on foreign stations.

There are—an excellent Rubens-like study of *A Young Saint* (84), by Mr. H. Munro,—a picturesque *Sketch of an old House at Abbeville*, where *Francis the First received Cardinal Wolsey* (87), by Mr. Charles Jenyns,—an original sketch of an *Old Street in Rouen* (12), by the same gentleman,—a *naïve head of Master Ward* (1) by Miss Houlton,—a bright *Sketch on the Clyde—Newark Castle* (29), by Mr. J. Auldjo,—a *Study of a Wave, back of the Isle of Wight* (33), by Miss Twopenny, remarkable for its truth,—and a characteristic scene of *Cocoa-nut Trees* (37), with figures, by Lieut.-Col. D. Aguilar.—There is a great look of reality in Mrs. A. A. Salvin's *Branceth Church and Haddon*, in frame (42).—A highly picturesque subject for a study is Mr. James Baillie Fraser's *Village of Mas-soolah, in Ghildin of Persia, a Muleter's Station* (52).

—A photographic-looking *Portrait of Selim, a Native of Algiers, in a Moorish Court-yard—Tangiers* (55) is by Capt. Twopenny.—*Gien, on the Loire* (64) is a very truthful and effective sketch by Mr. J. Burgess. Vigorous studies of dogs' heads, *Hector* (54) and *Oscar* (66), by Miss Mary Pal-lisser,—and a truthful study of *An Interior* (74), by Miss Sophia Ashton Yates, may be mentioned.—A bold study of *Part of the Coliseum, Rome* (103), by Mr. Davidson, conveys a good idea of the masses of *travertine*. There is a bold and old-masterish *Study* (108), rich in colour, of a bearded man.

In a grand view, *Sketch on the West Lyn, Lynmouth, North Devon* (116), by Miss Henrietta Crompton, the abrupt and varied delineations of the lines of rock are well contrasted by the horizontal line of sea. In the same class, may be

mentioned a very vigorously touched *View of St. Alban's Head, Dorsetshire* (119), by Miss Pell, blowing fresh,—and a view of *Buenos Ayres* (133), by Mr. Robert Elwes, charming in its effect. A very pretty little bit of *Wimbleton Common* (148) is by Miss Auldjo,—and careful and truthful *Studies of Beech Trees* (152) by Miss Swinburne.—We may mention also a gorgeous *Sunset on the Nile* (156), sketched on the spot by Mr. Leslie,—and Capt. Twopenny's *Study of Spanish Fruit and Vegetables* (171). The last is worthy of a Dutchman, or of Lancelotti.—With the Hon. Lieut.-Col. Henry Percy's view of *The Cathedral of Seville—sketched on the Spot from the Alcazar Garden* (162), we bid adieu to the best general Exhibition that we have ever seen of the talents of any given number of amateur artists.

**FINE-ART GOSSIP.**—Three drawings representing interior views of the Crystal Palace, made on the spot by Mr. Joseph Nash, have been lately on private exhibition at Messrs. Dickinson's in New Bond Street. Of these it is intended to publish fac-similes. They are admirable for sense of the picturesque, correctness of perspective, and freedom of execution. The subjects are—a View in the Transept, showing the Glass Fountain by Osler,—a View across the Transept and Nave, showing the ceremonial of the Queen's opening of the Exhibition,—and a View of that part of the Nave devoted to foreign contributors wherein the Amazon by Kiss forms a conspicuous object. In this latter view, the Queen and Royal Family are seen, preceded by the Lord Chamberlain, &c., making the tour of the building.—Mr. Nash intends to draw them on the stone himself, in order to insure greater accuracy to the published copies.

The Ascot race cups of the season continue very successfully that application of Fine Art to this department of our native sports and customs whose introduction dates now a good many years back.—The Emperor of Russia's Vase is modelled by Mr. Cotterill and manufactured by the Messrs. Garrard. It is a shell-shaped cistern for cooling wine, supported on scrolls, which rest on a base of ebony, and surmounted by a group representing a sledge attacked by wolves. The Queen's Cup is by the same artist and manufacturers; and consists of a group, a camel and its driver reposing, and a Turkish horseman, whose horse is startled by the camel.—The Royal Hunt Cup is from a design of Mr. A. Brown, manufactured at the establishment of Messrs. Hunt & Roskell. It is a cup of the Italian school, surmounted by a group,—a deer-stalker and his dog. Deer and hounds are introduced in the design, and sylvan and hunting implements.

The collection of engravings the property of Joseph Maberly, Esq., known by his work called 'The Print Collector,' has just made a five-days' sale at Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson's; and may be said to have sold well (for the present season)—realizing 3,500*l.*, or a sum within 300*l.* of what he is reported to have paid for them. The strength of the collection lay in the Albert Dürers, the Rembrandts and the Claudes. The chief purchasers were nominally Messrs. Colnaghi, Graves, and Tiffin,—but really Mr. R. S. Holford, Mr. J. Heywood Hawkins, Mr. Charles Bale, Mr. Chambers Hall, Mr. Felix Slade, Sir John Hippesley, and the British Museum. The 'Adam and Eve' by Albert Dürer, being No. 1 of Bartsch, and the finest specimen of the engraving known, was sold to Mr. Graves, for Mr. Slade, for 55*l.* The 'St. Hubert' of the same master (57 of Bartsch, and formerly in Mariette's collection) was bought by Mr. Graves, also for Mr. Slade, for 46*l.* A fine impression of the 'Burgomaster Six,' (Rembrandt's great work), with the figures 6 and 4 in the date reversed, brought 82*l.* 'The Goldweigher' by the same master realized 33*l.*; and the 'John Lutma' "before the window and bottle," 32*l.* The largest sum given for a specimen of the English school was, 28*l.* for Faithorne's portrait of Charles II., inscribed "The second Charles, Heir of ye Royal Martyr," &c. The British Museum acquisitions at the sale were, "The Dance under the Trees" by Claude, for 52*l.*,—and two Rembrandts, 'Village with a square Tower,' on India paper, for



44L, and a 'Young Man in a Mezetin Cap,' first state (before the hair on the right side of the face was brought down to the chest), for 34L 10s. The Claude is thought to be unique.

From Berlin, we learn the death of the well-known sculptor Christian Frederik Tieck—aged 74. Herr Tieck was a pupil of the illustrious Schadow, and Germany owes to him some of the best of her modern works. Among these are mentioned, the monument of the late Queen Louisa of Prussia, the statues of Marshal Saxe, of Lessing, of Erasmus, of Grotius, of Herder, of Burger, of Walestein, and of William and Maurice of Orange—all at Munich; the sculptures of the pediment and friezes of the Theatre Royal at Berlin; the full-length statues of Necker, of the Duke de Broglie, of Augustus William Schlegel, and of M. de Rocca, made for Madame de Stael; the front gate of the Cathedral of Berlin; and the bronze equestrian statue of Frederick William at Ruppini. The deceased sculptor was brother to the celebrated poet of the same name.

The monument so long in preparation to illustrate the memory of the Prussian monarch whom history has been pleased to call the Great Frederick has been at length, on the anniversary of his accession to the throne, inaugurated, with royal ceremony at Berlin. This monument, our readers know, is the work of the famous sculptor Rauch:—and forms, says a German correspondent of the *Times*, a real historical work, which, independently of its artistic merit, "may be consulted as an authentic record of the warriors and statesmen who helped to found a great kingdom." On a granite pedestal 25 feet in height, presenting on each face bronze groups of the great military commanders of the Seven Years' War, on foot and on horseback, all the size of life, and all portraits, in high relief—rises the statue of the monarch himself, "in his habit as he lived," and 17 feet 3 inches in height. Other sculptures also adorn the monument; and two tablets are inscribed with the names of eighty distinguished soldiers of the age of Frederick for whose portraits there was not room. A third bears the names of sixteen statesmen, artists, and men of science of the epoch. The number of portrait-figures the size of life on the four faces of the pedestal is thirty-one.—In fact, here is the "great" king once more surrounded by the chiefs of the sword and of the intellect who helped to build up what is called his greatness.

Our Art-readers will remember that when the Emperor Nicholas of Russia was at Rome, four or five years ago, he engaged the Cavaliere Barberi, the well-known worker in mosaic, to undertake certain large works, together with the instruction of six Russian students in the mysteries of his craft, with a view to the ultimate establishment of a great school of mosaic art at St. Petersburg. Since that time master and pupils have been much occupied with a series of elaborate works intended for the Imperial residence, the last of which is just completed. It consists of an octagonal mosaic pavement, adapted from the ancient design of the round hall in the Vatican Museum, about six metres in diameter, containing twenty-eight figures, with a colossal head of Medusa in the centre and a variety of ornaments, all inclosed in a brilliant wreath of fruits, flowers and foliage. The series of works already executed consist of four huge scenic masques—the four Evangelists, copied from the painting by Bruffo—the St. Nicholas of the great Roman Cathedral—the Russian arms on a gold ground—a piece of Byzantine mosaic—and the pavement referred to above. The last is valued at 5,200L sterling. With these finished works, Cavaliere Barberi is about to forward to St. Petersburg a number of vitreous mosaic tablets of every shade and style of drawing and decoration, as models for the younger students of the art.

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

MUSICAL UNION.—FIFTH MATINÉE, TUESDAY NEXT. Half-past Three—Quintets, 4 minor, Mozart; Ave Marie, Solo, Violoncello, Schubert; Trio, D major, Op. 79, Beethoven; Quartet, E flat, Op. 44, Mendelssohn. Artists—ERNEST, Deloffre, Hill and Seligmann (Violoncellist from Paris)—Pianoforte, Herr HALLÉ.—Strangers (Admission to be had; Half-a-Guinea each, at Cramer & Co.'s, Regent Street. No artist admitted without tickets from J. ELLA, Director.

THE DIRECTOR'S MATINÉE is fixed for the Sixth Meeting, June 24, at which Ernest, Signor, Seligmann, Laub, Deloffre, Hill, Piatti, Bottesini, Fauer and Hallé will perform.

#### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

SECOND NIGHT OF 'DON GIOVANNI.'—On TUESDAY NEXT, June 10, will be performed, for the second time this season, Mozart's celebrated Opera, 'DON GIOVANNI.'—Donna Anna, Madame Grisi; Elvira, Mdle. Bertrandi; Zerlina, Madame Castellan; Don Giovanni, Signor Tamburini (his second appearance this season); Leporello, Herr Fornet; Moser, Signor Polonini; Il Commendatore, Signor Tagliacozzi, and Don Ottavio, Signor Tambrerik.—The Opera will be supported by a Tripe Orchestra and Double Chorus.

EXTRA NIGHT.—FIRST NIGHT OF 'LA FAVORITA.'—On THURSDAY NEXT, June 12, will be produced Donizetti's Opera, 'LA FAVORITA.'—Leonora, Madame Grisi; Inch, Mdle. Cotti; Balisera, Signor Tagliacozzi. Don Guarano, Signor Soldi; Alfonso XI, Signor Tambrerik; and Ferdinando, Signor Mario.—Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor, Mr. Costa. Commence at Eight.

Boxes, Stalls and Tickets to be had at the Box-office of the Theatre.

MDLLE. MATHILDE GRAUMANN'S SOIRÉE MUSICALE.—Mdle. G. has the honour to announce, that she will give a SOIRÉE MUSICALE, on FRIDAY, June 13, 1851, at the NEW BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square. Vocalists—Mdle. Johanna, Mrs. Enderman, Mdle. Graumann; Signor Marchesi, M. Jules Stockhausen. Instrumentalists—Herr Halle, Herr Ernst, Signor Piatti. Conductors—Herr Eckert and Signor Billetta.—To commence at Half-past Eight o'clock. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea; Reserved Seats, 15s. to be had at Messrs. Cramer, Beale & Co.'s, 201, Regent Street, and of Mdle. Graumann, 15, Argyle Street, Regent Street.

MISS DOLBY and Mr. LINDSAY SLOPER beg to announce that their ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on TUESDAY, June 17th; to commence at Two o'clock. They will be assisted by Miss Birch, Miss E. Birch, Mdle. Graumann, Signor Stigelli, Herr Reichart and M. Stockhausen, Herr Ernst and Signor Bottesini. The Orchestra will be complete; Leader, Mr. Willis. Conductors, Mr. C. Lucas and Herr Schipino. Tickets, Seven Shillings, to be had at the principal Music Warehouses, of Miss Dolby, 2, Hyde Street, Manchester Square, and of Mr. L. Sloper, 7, Southwick Place, Hyde Park. Stalls, Half-a-Guinea each, to be had only of Messrs. Cramer & Co. 201, Regent Street, of Miss Dolby, and of Mr. L. Sloper.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.—The first item in the programme of the Royal Academy Concert of Saturday last was a MS. Overture, entitled 'El Demonio,' by Mr. Thomas. The second was the introduction to that MS. opera by Mr. Holmes of which we spoke a week ago.—By whose protection, connivance, or interest, can such an exercise have been put before the pupils to learn? Mr. Holmes is no longer a scholar belonging to the establishment on whose proficiency as a composer the patrons of our so-called seminary might be invited to pronounce a judgment. Its Directors are bound not to tamper with the taste of those whom they profess to train by producing, without some such apology, that which no average public would endure. No disposition to spare an amiable man must restrain the use of the plainest reprehension, when we find matter like this made part of a course of collegiate training, and a school of wasters of their time thus perpetuated.

A very good Organ Concert by Mr. Best at the Crystal Palace on Saturday must not pass without its praise. The instrument of Mr. Willis is still unfinished, and we must leave its merits to the juries; but we need not wait to commend the skill and enterprise of the player. The noble organ *Sonata* in *F* minor by Mendelssohn was new to us; and most welcome was the *Trio* by Sebastian Bach, if only for the sake of its second subject or passage of melody—which is as new, as elegant, and further as coquettish, as if Auber had cut it out.

On Monday, Signor Brizzi received his friends, by aid of all the artists of the *Royal Italian Opera*,—Signor Mario alone excepted;—while M. A. Billet was beginning a new series of his *Pianoforte Matinées*. There is something in M. Billet's indefatigable resolution to present himself, and to present himself moreover as a player of the very best music, which merits no ordinary regard. By his instrumentality audiences are gathered to hear the classical works of the classical writers; and out of hearing may be bred the desire to appreciate. Madame Thillon sang Mozart's 'Pianoforte Cantata' for M. Billet, in her best voice; but her ways and means are not such as befit the thoughts and melodies of the author chosen.

Herr Ernst's Concert took place on Monday evening. Of the supremacy of his violin-playing we need not again record our opinion. The long distance at which Genius stands a-head of Talent was never more signally illustrated than on Monday in the *Cadenças* added by him to Beethoven's *Concerto*; masterpieces of fire, force, fantasy, and fitness,—which, without either over-laying or impertinence, wrought up the work to the point of modern brilliancy. Nor can anything exceed the nobility and ease of Herr Ernst's reading of the composition throughout. Herr Ernst further played his 'Rondo Papageno' and his

'Pirata fantasia.' The novelties of his concert were, two movements of a pianoforte *Concerto* by M. Silas. In these (as has been said of other music by the same composer) we fancy discernible the prophecy, if not the presence, of a style,—and recognize in the writing an easy self-consistency, referable only to a thorough mastery over the rules of composition. Signori Piatti and Bottesini were marvellous in a duett,—Mdle. Zerr was poignant in the *bravura* 'Gli angui d'inferno,' from the 'Flauto Magico';—it is long since we have been made to wince more painfully.—Madame Marra, who also sang on Monday evening, is another lady from Vienna; with a high and clear, not to say piercing, *soprano* voice,—but the *Tyrolienne* and the Russian air in which her A B above the line were displayed were given, with that grace and geniality without which executive marvels go for nothing. As a singer of national music (if in no other capacity) we are inclined to think Madame Marra a very acceptable addition to our concerts.

On Monday evening, too, a performance of 'Elijah' was given at St. Martin's Hall, conducted by Mr. John Hullah,—in which the principal part was sung by M. Jules Stockhausen.

Some once a twelvemonth, our old friend Mr. Ella's self-praise and admiration of the skill with which he has mediated between Art and Aristocracy break forth into print with an ecstasy claiming an echo,—not always strictly iterative, it is true,—but Hibernian rather, which means responsive. In Tuesday's *Record*, for instance, he likens himself to H.R.H. the Prince; having, he says, founded, too, his little Crystal Palace.

"Comparing small things with great, both addressing themselves to the anticipations of an active imagination, the beginning of the Musical Union may be likened to the fate of the Exhibition; we found least support where we expected most. The levitation of the daily press for three long years preserved strict silence; and one weekly journal predicted, to our great surprise, that the Musical Union would ultimately prove to be the musical ruin."

The weekly journal was the *Athenæum*. Having referred to the opinion, Mr. Ella ought to have added that the *Athenæum's* prediction was fulfilled to the letter. Our protest against low prices announced by him as an attraction to the nobility and corresponding sacrifices claimed from the artist was thoroughly justified. The *Musical Union* was conducted at a ruinous loss until the subscription was doubled,—and until, by bringing it within the simple bounds of reciprocal obligation, the reproach was removed from it of enticing the rich and great to hear cheap and gratuitous music furnished by the musicians of Europe. Mr. Ella is foolish in thus reminding his patrons and critics of past mistakes, when he is so anxious to stand forward as the one regenerator.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—If the management of *Her Majesty's Theatre* had studied the most speedy method of disclosing the false brilliancy of the idol so recently enthroned there, such object could not have been better attained than by putting forward Mdle. Cruvelli as *Norma*.—The part is at once full of traditions, yet susceptible of new readings—clear yet profound—containing situations which a child could hardly fail to apprehend, yet shades of sentiment which the subtlety of interpreters could not exhaust. In such a case, the midway path between simplicity and refinement is not the "golden mean" so much as a compromise between common-place in reading and artifice in execution,—and its adoption by Mdle. Cruvelli, if it do not prophetically indicate her future standing, decides clearly her present position.—A brilliant success less hopeful and satisfactory we have not seen even in *Her Majesty's Theatre*, though we have there witnessed like triumphs awarded to Favanti, Sanchioli, Parodi and Fiorentini. The tragic enchantments of Mdle. Cruvelli consist of elaborately prepared attitudes,—the dreadful look of one prepared for something shocking being alternated with the self-admiring smile of one listening to her own dulcet singing—of much mantle and veil play—and of a stilted march across the stage. Vainly, however, was the battery of these played off. Throughout all the great scenes—in all the great moments of the part—Mdle. Cruvelli's public would at no rate and on no terms be either terrified or allured.—Nor were

the new *Norma's* ambitious truisms as an actress redeemed by any vocal superiority. On the contrary, the defects of her manner are more strikingly brought out by Bellini than by Beethoven. The twang in certain tones—the drawl in passing from one interval to another—the screams on the upper notes—and exaggeration of the voice on the lower ones by way of doing *contralto*, could not escape the most energetic of friends, as so many matters claiming apology and calling for hope against hope. Her opening recitative, "Sediziosa voce," was declaimed elaborately yet not intelligently; the musical and poetical beauty of the address being alike impaired by Mdle. Cruvelli's composite vowels:—her favourite mixture of o and a (as in 'Coasta Diva') &c., producing an effect of unintelligible monotony.—The slow movement of her *cavatina* was enunciated with the ghostly and passionless *piano* which befits the soliloquies of the young lady who walks fast asleep over the mill-wheel top, but not the hymn to the Moon of the love-warm Priestess—the *cabaletta* was graced with a dashing charge or two, ambitiously conceived, but not neatly finished. These, however, were vociferously applauded. In the following duett Mdle. Cruvelli did her best to escape from Madame Giuliani as far as possible.—In the final *trio* of the first act, the great passage 'Oh, non tremare' was taken so slowly—with so many interruptions and conscious looks to the audience—that for the first time in our experience that *tirade* passed without its *encore*, obviously expected though the *encore* was. The *stretto* which closes the scene was also ineffective.—In *Act the Second*, the recitative was dragging and overcharged, while in the duett the most applause fell to a *solo* carefully finished by Madame Giuliani. Neither did matters mend as the close of the tragedy was neared:—the mixture of ambitious defect and incompleteness being sustained with wonderful courage to the last note and accepted with many tokens of applause.—Signor Pardini's *Pollione* was throughout of inferior quality.—Madame Giuliani's *Adalgisa* was excellent as a piece of singing.—Our remark on Mr. Lumley's announcement of his extra performances is already justified by the state of his chorus this day week. It is long since we have heard a body of voices so coarse and so tired as that emitted by the Druids in 'Norma.'

It was said in the theatre that a sister of Mdle. Cruvelli is about to make her *début* there,—and that Madame Ugalde will shortly appear in a translation of 'L'Enfant Prodigue';—further, that Mr. Balfe's 'Quatre Fils Aynon' is about to be produced, with Madame Sontag for its heroine. We hope that the last report is a true one. Whatever may be thought of Mr. Balfe as a conductor, as a composer of gay and delicate music he has a claim not to be overlooked by any theatre of which he is musical director,—and the opera in question is decidedly one of his prettiest works.

**ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.**—The return of Mdle. Rachel has been one of the most noticeable events of the week. The circumstance, however, of her having appeared only in 'Phédre,' 'Bajazet,' and 'Polyeucte' makes detail or analysis unnecessary; so fully have her remarkable performances in those three widely-distinct tragedies been discussed in former years. Novelty is now over as regards Mdle. Rachel,—but her art, her passion and her power to render acceptable that which so many before she appeared found antipathetic—to wit, the classical tragedy of Corneille and Racine—have in no respect lost their hold on the English public. The reverse, indeed, seems to be the case.—Mr. Mitchell holds out hopes of her appearing in Victor Hugo's 'Angelo',—also, in the strange new play 'Valeria.' The last, we imagine, must depend on the Lord Chamberlain's Office.

**PRINCESS'S.**—Notwithstanding the attractions of the Great Exhibition, this house was crowded on Wednesday to witness the production of a new play—'The Duke's Wager,'—a translation by the author of 'The Templar,' from M. Alexandre Dumas' 'Mdle. de Belle Isle.' The scene, as our readers are aware, is laid in the court of Louis the Fifteenth; and the interest turns on the pro-

fligency of the Duc de Richelieu, who lays a wager that within six hours he will have a rendezvous in her own chamber with the first lady that passes. That Lady is Mdle. Lestelle de Belle Isle (Mrs. Charles Kean); who in consequence becomes compromised in the eyes of her affianced lover, Leon St. Mars (Mr. Charles Kean). The latter, prevented by the interference of the Court officials in a duel with *The Duke* (Mr. A. Wigan),—casts dice with his opponent on the condition that the loser shall commit suicide. Leon is caught in his own device,—and takes a last farewell of his mistress:—but meanwhile Richelieu has taken steps to clear the lady's fame, sues for pardon, and is enabled with honour to absolve Leon from the fatal necessity of a mortal solution to a sentimental perplexity.—Such a plot in any other hands than those of such refined artists as Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean and Mr. Wigan would be in peril of stage-exaggeration. In theirs, the situations are realized simply as they would have been in the Court-arena itself. Mrs. Kean was, indeed, painfully true to the horror which fell like the shadow of death on the path of her happy love;—but it is of the nature of the domestic play, as distinguished from the ideal, to inflict unmitigated pain,—and this, indeed, is one reason why the higher dramatic critic objects to its production. This painful expression must therefore be accepted as essential to the kind of drama represented; and we fear that any attempt on the part of the actress to idealize the situation would from the want of poetic material be abortive. In the part of Leon there happens to be a romantic interest and tone which avail to raise the subject, and invest it with the fascinating attributes of an enthusiastic and inflexibly honourable character. There are about it a chivalric influence and atmosphere, easily convertible into the tragic and poetic as the interest deepens and the trials and dangers accumulate.

Much credit is due to the management for the care with which the general *mise en scène* has been arranged and the scenery provided. The costumes are in exceeding good taste.—Mrs. Winstanley's as the *Marchioness de Prie* were magnificent.

**PUNCH'S PLAYHOUSE.**—A new piece by Messrs. Augustus Mayhew and Sutherland Edwards, entitled 'The Poor Relation,' has been added to the repertoire of this theatre. It is in two acts, and smartly written. The incidents are, however, too extravagant and the situations improbably far-fetched. Mr. Tilbury is, of course, the hero—a quack *Dr. Botts* who joins in partnership with a poor rejected relation to cheat the cousins of the latter out of the help which they had refused to render from the sentiment of kindred. They contrive to lodge in a nobleman's house during the absence of the owner in the capacity of physician and patient; the latter as newly arrived from the Brazils with a fortune and a wretched constitution. The cousins gather round the dying man under the impression that his former applications to them for assistance were merely trials of their regard, and are anxious by now offering presents to atone for the unlucky error; each struggling by the value of his gift to influence the mock patient's choice of an heir. Not until the two conspirators have perfectly succeeded are they disturbed in their game,—but on the return of the nobleman the plot explodes. They, nevertheless, escape with their booty,—leaving the selfish and rival cousins in the most ridiculous positions. The piece was successful.

**SIGNOR BOSCO.**—The wonders of Signor Bosco's prestidigitation must be seen *not* to be believed! Old he is and weird he looks,—but wise beyond all usual wisdom of age and sorcery must he be—since, if those marvellous hands that terminate those two stout bare arms of his are really set a-going by mere mortal science and practice, and by no Black Parchment and Red-Letter compact,—why, then, belief in the evidence of the senses is made an end of for ever, so long as any of the Bosco blood are left upon the earth. Balls disappear betwixt his fingers,—bouquets by the half-dozen are in the palm that we saw empty but a second before,—keys (our own peculiar keys) that we have never

lost sight of till we saw them covered with our own peculiar handkerchief for a second, are forthwith discovered by a pistol shot entangled in the old roots of a potted dwager geranium. Nothing is,—everything is not:—and both turn out something else. We are convinced that all who are comforted by the sight of conjuring will owe us a heavy debt of obligation for recommending them to repair to the *Princess's Concert Room*,—there to learn what the minutest exercise of the keenest eyes can—or can not do in ascertaining facts which Charlatany pleases to mystify.—Signor Bosco is decidedly the king of the fraternity.

**MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC Gossip.**—Mrs. Lovell's new play of 'Ingomar,' which has been long in rehearsal, was to have been produced at Drury Lane last Monday:—but the theatre having been compelled to close prematurely, public expectation was disappointed. Some such result as this we had long anticipated from the system of management adopted at this house. Mr. Anderson depended on spectacle,—whose success has not been sufficient to cover his outlay. He made no appeal to original dramatic authorship until too late.—The performers have since met to discuss the question of further progress,—and they have decided to re-open the theatre next Monday with the new play.

M. Seligmann, a graceful violoncellist, is among the recent musical arrivals in London.

We were misinformed. "Discretion is the better part of valour,"—and Signor Mario is wise in confining his performances in 'Don Giovanni' to the part of *Don Ottavio*. The days when one voice could be substituted for another in classical music with impunity are over; tolerance having been exchanged for a pedantry too intolerant. At all events, the management of the *Royal Italian Opera*, in the stress of the disappointment caused by Signor Salvatori's utter failure, has done well in persuading Signor Tamburini to return for a few nights; since, in a certain range of parts no one having his accomplishments and experience seems to exist,—and since, after many delays, we are assured by our contemporaries that Signor Ronconi is once again performing his favourite part—that of promise-breaker to the English public,—and does not intend to appear at the *Royal Italian Opera*.—"Some ill planet reigns," as *Hermione* phrased it, to interpose betwixt promise and fulfilment at Covent Garden. On Thursday evening the part of *Don Ottavio* (owing to Signor Mario's illness) had to be taken by Signor Tamburini. This artist's rapidity in learning and generally excellent performance make him more precious to a management than almost any tenor in our recollection:—that voice being, proverbially, hard to manage and to replace.

A new opera, 'The Two Queens,' by Herr Helmesberger, has been produced "with complete success" at Hanover.—M. Inenga, as the composer of a comic opera, 'El Campamento,'—just represented at Madrid—is said (on Madrid authority, we suppose,) to have won "a brilliant success." Of these words the reader may well be weary: since nothing but intelligence apart from that contributed by the foreign journals can now enable any one to judge of the real merit of a new work—or of the real effect produced thereby. "I have seen four and twenty revolutions," says *The Legate*, in 'The Soul's Tragedy.'—We read in every Gazette of the Arts which we take up, of "triumphs," "impressions made," "laurels won," &c. &c. &c.—the fact being, that never was the amount of musical excitement so small as at this moment,—partly owing to extraneous circumstances—brought largely because of flattering impressions put about and circulated.—Every new letter from Paris (from half a dozen private sources) confirms the first account which reached us of the staleness of M. Auber's newest opera. Yet, what reader would gather such a fact from the *Gazette Musicale*?—unless he were versed enough in trade matters to read the criticism by light thrown from an advertisement, setting forth that the publisher of the *Gazette* is the publisher also of the 'Corbeille' aforesaid.—The mystification of artists, the

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disappointment of public, the ruin of managers thus caused is hardly to be summed up.

For the third opera-house in Paris—formerly the *Théâtre Historique*—Mesdames Anna Thillon, Hébert Massy, and Sabatier are said to be engaged—it is said also, that M. David is about to produce an opera.

### MISCELLANEA

**Opening of the Victoria and Albert Bridges.**—The beautiful bridges crossing the Thames from the Home Park, on the north side of Windsor Castle, and by the Bone Stream, which have just been erected by the Commissioners of Her Majesty's Woods and Forests, were opened for general traffic on Monday last. The Commissioners have notified that the communication across Datchet Bridge is stopped, and that the old bridge will be immediately taken down. The approaches to and from Windsor—one crossing the Park on the north side of the Castle, and the other crossing the Long Walk, by Magpie Stile, from Old Windsor—are great improvements on the old Frogmore-road; while the alteration will materially add to Her Majesty's privacy and comfort—attaching Frogmore House and grounds and about 500 acres of the Shaw Farm property to the Home Park.—*Times*.

**Visitors to the Great Exhibition.**—A letter from Stockholm says:—"It will be remembered that the King of Sweden sent at his own cost a number of able artisans of the capital to London to benefit by an examination of the Universal Exhibition. Now, the General Diet has voted a sum of twelve thousand six-dollars (upwards of 2,600*l.*) for the purpose of defraying the expenses of one hundred Swedish workmen despatched for a similar object."

**The Speedy Passage of the 'Pacific.'**—The owners of the American line of steamers some time ago promised a silver vase to the engineers of whichever of their boats first performed the passage either way under ten days. This feat having been performed by the *Pacific*, the following engineers will be the recipients of the prize:—Mr. Daniel B. Martin, chief engineer, Mr. Nathan Thompson, jun., and Mr. John C. Thompson, first engineers, Mr. Alexander Cunningham and Mr. Beverly Parkis, second engineers, and Mr. William Russell and Mr. William Harris, third engineers.—The *Pacific* had headwinds during about one-third of the passage.—*Liverpool Times*.

**The Mysterious Rapping.**—The *Buffalo Courier*, in an article upon the Rochester knockings, publishes the following, and vouches for its truth:—"A young man called, a day or two since, upon the ladies in whose keeping are the Rochester spirits. His bearing was sad, and his voice was tremulous with emotion. Sorrow was in his countenance, and a weed was on his hat. He sighed as he took a seat, and the bystanders pitied him as they saw him draw forth a spotted handkerchief and wipe away a tear that gathered in his eye. After a few moments of silence he took one of the ladies aside, and requested, if consistent, to be put in communication with the spiritual essence of his mother, and here he wiped his eyes rapidly, and sobbed. A period of quiet elapsed, and a knock was heard, signifying that the desired correspondence could be had, and with a hesitating voice the young man commenced questioning the invisible one. "How long had I gone before you died?" A length of time was stated. "Where are you now, mother? Are you happy?" The knocking indicated that the spirit was at rest. "Are those of your friends who have gone before with you?" "They are," said the knocking. "Then you can recognize them perfectly?" The noise certified the affirmative. "Can you see me at all times when you wish?"—Theraps proclaimed the perpetual clearness of the shaker's vision in that respect.—The gentleman seemed relieved, and the spectators stood overwhelmed with wonder. Taking his hat, the mourner arose, thanking the ladies, and as he stood in the door quietly remarked:—"I have been very much entertained, as no doubt my mother herself will be, for I left her at home not half an hour since, having a turkey for dinner!"

Volume I. now ready, elegantly bound in ultramarine cloth, gilt edges, price 6s.  
**GIRLHOOD OF SHAKESPEARE'S**  
HEROINES—A Series of Fifteen Tales. By MARY COWDEN CLARKE.—Periodically, in One Shilling Books, each containing a complete Story.

Now ready.

Tale I.—Portia; the Heiress of Belmont.

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Tale IV.—Desdemona; the Magnifico's Child.

Tale V.—Meg and Alice; the Merry Maids of Windsor.

The Five Tales in 1 Volume, price 6s.

Tale VI.—Katharina and Bianca; the Shrew, and the Demure.

Tale VII.—Ophelia; the Rose of Elsinore.

Smith & Co. 130, Strand; and Simpkin & Co. Stationers'-hall-court.

### SUN LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, LONDON.

**SHARE OF PROFIT INCREASED FROM ONE-HALF TO FOUR-FIFTHS.**  
Policies effected with this Society after Midsummer, 1880, and remaining in force at each Septennial period of division, will PARTICIPATE IN FOUR-FIFTHS of the Net Profits of the Society accruing after Midsummer, 1880, in proportion to their contributions to those profits, and according to the conditions contained in the Society's Prospectus and Act of Parliament.  
The Premiums required by this Society for insuring young lives are much lower than in many other old-established offices, and Insurers are fully protected from all risk by an ample guarantee fund in addition to the accumulated funds derived from the investments of Premiums.

CHARLES HENRY LIDDERDALE, Actuary.

**UNIVERSAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.** No. 1, King William-street, London.  
Established in 1834. Empowered by Special Act of Parliament. The Annual General Court of Proprietors of this Society was held on the 14th May, when a reduction of 45 per cent. on the current Annual Premiums, on all Policies entitled to participation in the profits, was declared, being a greater amount of reduction than that declared for the last five years, arising from the steady increase in business, and general prosperity of the Society.  
By order of the Board.  
DAVID JONES, Actuary.

**LONDON ASSURANCE CORPORATION.**  
Established by Royal Charter, in the reign of King George I. 1720, for LIFE, FIRE, and MARINE INSURANCES.  
Head Office, No. 1, Royal Exchange.  
Branch Office, No. 10, Regent-street.  
Actuary—PETER HADY, Esq. F.R.S.  
THIS CORPORATION has effected ASSURANCES ON LIVES FOR A PERIOD OF 120 YEARS.  
FIRE INSURANCES effected at moderate rates upon every description of property.  
MARINE INSURANCES at the current premiums of the day.  
JOHN LAURENCE, Secretary.

### ANNUAL DIVISION OF PROFITS. GREAT BRITAIN MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

14, Waterloo-place, and 23, King William-street, City.  
THE CHISHOLM, Chairman.  
RICHARD HARTLEY KENNEDY, Esq. Deputy-Chairman.  
The Annual General Meeting of this Society was held on the 22nd of May, when a Report of the business for the last year was presented, exhibiting a statement of most satisfactory progress, the new policies issued exceeding by one-third the number of those of 1880, and the claims being fully one-fourth under the estimate. After considering a very careful valuation of assets and liabilities, it was resolved to allow a reduction of 30 per cent. on the Premiums payable on all Policies on the particular scale, on which five or more annual payments had been previously made.  
Credit is allowed for half the Annual Premiums for the first five years.

The following Table exemplifies the effect of the present reduction:—

Age when Assured.	Amount Assured.	Annual Premium hitherto paid.	Reduction of 30 per Cent.	Annual Premium now payable.
20	£1000	23 17 6	£6 5 0	£14 12 3
35	1000	23 0 0	6 12 0	16 8 0
45	1500	43 10 0	13 6 0	30 13 6
45	2000	50 11 8	15 3 6	35 8 3

A. R. IRVINE, Managing Director.

**BRITANNIA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.**  
PANY, 1, Princes-street, Bank, London.  
Empowered by Special Act of Parliament, 4 Vict. cap. 12.  
ADVANTAGES OF THIS INSTITUTION.  
HALF CREDIT RATES OF PREMIUM.

Persons assured according to these rates are allowed credit (without security) for half the amount of the first seven Annual Premiums, paying interest thereon at the rate of 5 per Cent. per Annum, with the option of paying off the Principal at any time, or having the amount deducted from the sum assured when the Policy becomes a claim.

A Table adapted especially for the securing of Loans and Debts, by which the fullest security is obtained on very low, but gradually increasing Premiums.

Policies revived, without the exaction of a fine, at any time within twelve months.

A Board of Directors in attendance daily at 3 o'clock.  
Age of Assured in every case admitted in the Policy.  
Medical Attendants remunerated in all cases for their reports.

Extract from the Half Credit Rates of Premium.  
Annual Premium required for an Assurance of £100*l.* for the Whole Term of Life.

Age.	Half Premium for seven years.	Whole Premium after seven years.
30	£1 1 9	£2 3 6
40	1 9 2	3 18 4
50	2 10 6	4 5 0
60	3 6 8	6 13 4

E. R. FOSTER, Resident Director.  
ANDREW FRANCIS, Secretary.

Detailed Prospectuses, and every requisite information as to the mode of effecting Assurances, may be obtained upon application to the various Local Agents, or at the Office, 1, Princes-street, Bank.

**UNITED KINGDOM LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY;** established by Act of Parliament in 1834.—8, Waterloo-place, Pall Mall, London; 97, George-street, Edinburgh; 12, St. Vincent-place, Glasgow; 4, College-green, Dublin.  
The Bonus added to Policies from March, 1884, to the 31st of December, 1887, is as follows:—

Sum Assured.	Time Assured.	Sum added to Policy in 1884.	Sum added to Policy in 1885.	Sum payable at Death.
£2,000	13 yrs. 10 mths.	£683 6 8	£787 10 0	£6,470 16 8
1,000	1 year	112 10 0	112 10 0	5,112 10 0
1,000	13 yrs. 10 mths.	100 0 0	157 10 0	1,577 10 0
1,000	7 years	.. ..	157 10 0	1,157 10 0
1,000	1 year	.. ..	23 10 0	1,023 10 0
500	13 yrs. 10 mths.	50 0 0	58 15 0	623 15 0
500	4 years	.. ..	45 0 0	345 0 0
500	1 year	.. ..	11 8 0	211 8 0

The Premiums, nevertheless, are on the most moderate scale, and only one-half need be paid for the first five years, when the Insurance is for Life. Every information afforded on application to the Resident Director, 8, Waterloo-place, Pall Mall, London.

**ARGUS LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,**  
39, Throgmorton-street, Bank; and 14, Pall Mall.  
Chairman—THOMAS FAIRCOMB, Esq. Alderman.  
Deputy-Chairman—WILLIAM LEAR, Esq.

Richard E. Arden, Esq. J. Humphrey, Esq. Ald. M.P.  
William Banbury, Esq. Rupert Ingley, Esq.  
Edward Bates, Esq. Thomas Kelly, Esq. Ald.  
Thomas Camplin, Esq. Jeremiah Pilcher, Esq.  
James Cliff, Esq. Lewis Pocock, Esq.

Auditors—Professor Hall, M.A.—J. R. Shuttleworth, Esq.  
Physicians—Dr. Jeaffreson, 2, Finsbury-square.  
Surgeon—W. Coulson, Esq. 4, Finsbury-place, Old Jewry.  
Consulting Actuary—Professor Hall, M.A. of King's College.  
Solicitor—William Fisher, Esq. 19, Doughty-street.

**ADVANTAGES OF ASSURING WITH THIS COMPANY.**  
In addition to a large subscribed capital, Policy-holders have the security of an Assurance fund of three hundred and twenty thousand pounds, and an income of 74,000*l.* a year, arising from the issue of 7,000 Policies.

### Bonus, or Profit Branch.

Persons assuring on the Bonus system will be annually entitled to 80 per cent. of the profits on this branch (after payment of five yearly premiums), and the profit assigned to each Policy may either be added to the sum assured, or applied in reduction of the annual premium.

### Non-Bonus, or Low Premium Branch.

The Tables on the non-participating principle afford peculiar advantages to the assured, not offered by any other office, for where the object is the least possible outlay, the payment of a certain sum is secured to the Policy-holder, on the death of the assured, at a reduced rate of premium.

Premiums to Assure £100.			Whole Term.	
Age.	One Year.	Seven Years.	With Profits.	Without Profits.
20	£0 17 8	£0 19 1	£1 15 10	£1 11 10
30	1 1 8	1 2 7	2 5 5	2 0 7
40	2 0 0	2 0 7	4 0 7	3 14 7
50	3 1 4	1 19 10	4 8 8	4 0 11
60	3 2 4	3 17 0	6 12 0	6 0 10

One-half of the Whole Term Premium may remain on credit for seven years, or one-third of the Premium may remain for life as a debt upon the Policy at 5 per cent., or may be paid off at any time without notice.

Claims paid in one month after proofs have been approved.

Loans upon approved security.

The Medical Officers attend every day at Throgmorton-street, at a quarter before 2 o'clock.

E. RATES, Resident Director.

**TO LIFE INSURERS**  
WHO CONSIDER SECURITY AND ESTABLISHED REPUTATION OF IMPORTANCE IN LIFE OFFICES.

**SCOTTISH UNION INSURANCE COMPANY (FIRE AND LIFE),** instituted 1804, and incorporated by Royal Charter.  
No. 37, CORNHILL, LONDON; EDINBURGH AND DUBLIN.  
The large paid-up Capital and Accumulations of Premiums carefully invested, afford the most absolute security to the assured with this Corporation, which has been Twenty-seven Years established.

Governor—HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF HAMILTON AND BRANDON.

The advantages to Insurers with this Office are superior to most, and exceeded by none of the existing Companies, whether considered in point of

SECURITY.

MODERATE RATES OF PREMIUM,

LIBERAL CONDITIONS, or the

LARGE PERIODICAL ADDITIONS made to the Life Policies.

The practical effects resulting from this system will at once be seen by the following Extracts from the Company's books:—

Additions made to Policies of 1,000*l.* each.

Age when Assured.	First Bonus for SEVEN Years, from 1834 to 1841.	Second Bonus for FIVE Years, from 1841 to 1846.	Total Sum payable in case of Death.
30	£133 7 6	£73 3 8	£205 11 2
35	135 19 0	73 7 7	209 6 7
40	136 10 6	73 10 0	210 0 6
45	143 9 0	76 18 9	220 7 9
50	148 17 6	81 8 4	230 6 0

The next Division of Profits will take place at 1st August, 1881, being an interval of Five Years; and persons opening Policies previous to that date will participate in the Division.

Fire Insurances at the reduced rate.

### LONDON BOARD OF DIRECTION.

President—Right Hon. EARL OF MANSFIELD.

Vice-President—Right Hon. the EARL OF SEAFIELD.

Charles Balfour, Esq. Richard Olverton, Esq.

Robert Gillespie, Esq. J. R. Robertson, Esq.

H. F. Goodhart, Esq. H. F. Sandeman, Esq.

H. M. Kemshead, Esq. G. Ramsey, Esq., Manager of the Company.

F. G. Smith, Esq. Secretary.

London Joint-stock Bank, Bankers.

E. W. Duffin, Esq. Surgeon.

Messrs Olverton, Penny & Lavis, Solicitors.

Samuel Beasley, Esq. Surveyor.

Forms for Proposals, and Prospectuses, containing all the necessary particulars, may be had at any of the Company's Offices, and of the Agents throughout the Country.

F. G. SMITH, Secretary to the London Board, 37, Cornhill, London.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—W. C. B.—F. H.—E. H. R.—K. F. C. J. S.—C. S. H.—received.

# PROSPECTUS.—THE SUB-MARINE TELEGRAPH COMPANY, between England and France, under a decree of the French Government conferring exclusive privileges—Incorporated by Royal Charter.

Capital 100,000, (2,500,000 fr.), in 100,000 shares of £1 (25 fr.) each. To be paid up without further liability.

**Trustees.**  
Sir CLAUDE SCOTT, Baronet.  
THOMAS HANKEY, Esq.

**Directors.**  
The Right Hon. the Lord De Mauley, Chairman.  
Arthur Anderson, Esq., M.P., Director of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company.  
John W. Brett, Esq., Hanover-square.  
Sir James Carmichael, Baronet, Sussex-gardens.  
The Hon. Frederick Cadogan, Chesham-place.  
Francis Edwards, Esq., Westbourne-terrace, Hyde Park.  
T. C. Grainger, Esq., Q.C. M.P.  
P. Douglas Hadow, Esq., Director of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company.  
Lieutenant-Colonel L.A. Lloyd, F.R.S., Athenæum.

**Consulting Engineer.**  
W. Cubitt, Esq., F.R.S., President of the Institution of C.E.  
**Engineers.**  
Charles J. Wollaston. T. B. Crampton.

**Bankers.**  
LONDON. Sir Claude Scott, Bart. & Co., Cavendish-square.  
Messrs. Hankey, Fenchurch-st.

**Solicitors.**  
Messrs. Davies, Son & Campbell, Warwick-street, Regent-street.  
Secretary—T. Griffin, Esq.

On the 28th of August last, an experimental line of wire, 25 miles in length, measuring, with its covering of gutta serena, only half an inch in diameter, was successfully submerged in the Channel, between Dover and Cape Grimes, and communications from England to France were established, and continued until the 1st of September, when the line was raised, and the French Republic.

The submersion of the wire and the actual printing of the messages having proved, beyond the possibility of a doubt, the practicability and certainty of the undertaking, it now only remains to lay down a number of permanent wires in a protective covering of adequate strength to insure them against accident. The experimental wire was not expected to last more than 100 to 200 lbs, whereas the combined strength of the lines about to be laid down is calculated to be sufficient to resist the anchors of large vessels.

These wires will each afford a distinct line of telegraphic intercourse, connecting Great Britain with France, Belgium, Prussia, Austria, and other parts of the Continent, and thereby ultimately to lay down a number of permanent wires in a protective covering of adequate strength to insure them against accident. The experimental wire was not expected to last more than 100 to 200 lbs, whereas the combined strength of the lines about to be laid down is calculated to be sufficient to resist the anchors of large vessels.

One great feature in this undertaking is the advantages it will offer to India and America. By the agency of a single wire, the news by the India Mail, on its arrival at Trieste or Marseilles, may be delivered, printed in Roman type, simultaneously at Paris and London; and at Liverpool, in readiness for the departure of the American Mail; while the remaining lines of wire may at the same instant be conveying intelligence between Great Britain and the other countries of Europe.

Mr. Jacob Brett, obtained from the French Government a concession, signed by the President of the Republic, of which the following are the principal provisions:—

"An authority to establish a Sub-Marine Telegraph between the coasts of France and England.

"The working of this undertaking, to the exclusion of every other of a similar description, for a period of ten years, from the 1st of October, 1851."

The following letter from the Minister of the Interior will afford additional proof of the privileges granted by the French Government:—

"Sir.—The first article of the decree giving you permission to establish an Electric Telegraph between the coasts of France and England, determines, according to your own provision, that the parts of the coast of France where it is to be laid down; but the Government does not reserve to itself any right to grant a similar concession upon any other part of its shores. We clearly understand that for the term of ten years you are entitled to the exclusion of all others—to establish this mode of communication between France and England."

(Signed)  
"J. DUFAURE, Minister of the Interior."

"To Sir Robert Peel, Esq."

The several departments of the English Government, viz., the Admiralty, the Treasury, the Woods and Forests, the Board of Trade, and the Foreign Office, have expressed their approbation of the undertaking, and their readiness to afford every facility for carrying out its objects in the most efficient manner.

It is proposed to vest the concession in a public company, to be named "The Sub-Marine Telegraph Company," for which a Royal Charter has been obtained.

The capital to consist of 100,000 shares of £1 each; one-fourth of such shares to be appropriated as paid-up shares to the Concessionaires and Patentees, in consideration of the transfer and assignment of the concessions and privileges granted by the French Government, and for the necessary licence to use the patents.

It is intended to issue only 50,000 of the remaining shares, in the first instance, the allotment of which will be required to pay up the full amount of such shares on allotment; and as the company is incorporated, they will be protected from further liability.

The affairs of the Company will be managed by a Board of Directors, to be elected by the shareholders, and the Board of Directors, Deed to be signed by the shareholders; which Deed is to be prepared according to the form required by the Royal Charter of Incorporation granted to the company.

The plans, communications of the Company, have been lodged with the French Government, and the necessary amount of caution-money deposited.

The proposed capital is amply sufficient for the purposes required, parties having tendered for the works within the amount; but power is given by the Charter to increase the capital, if necessary, by the issue of new shares, to 200,000.

It would be difficult to state with certainty the amount of revenue which may be anticipated from the establishment of the Sub-Marine Telegraph. Careful estimates have been made by persons competent to undertake this part of the subject. The Telegraph is capable of printing one hundred messages of fifteen words each, in one hundred consecutive minutes; and if the whole of the communications between Europe, Great Britain, India, and America, might be supposed to employ eight wires twelve hours a day, it would give the large income of 96,000, per annum, at a rate of one shilling per message of fifteen words. It is believed to be no more than a fair calculation to place the probable income at 85,000, per annum, which, after allowing a sufficient amount for working expenses and maintenance of Telegraph, will return a very liberal per-centage on the Capital employed.

The following sources may be named from which a considerable proportion of the revenue will be derived:—viz., Government Despatches of the different Countries, the French Republic, the Bank of France, the Public Funds; the Paris Bourse and London Stock Exchange; Bankers; Merchants; Lloyd's Correspondents; the Markets; the India Mails; the Communications of Manufacturers; Shipowners; the private Messengers of Travellers; and others; and, in short, every description of intelligence that is capable of being conveyed by Electric agency. There can be no doubt that the employment of the Telegraph will progress as its usefulness is established, until, like Railways, it will become a political, a commercial, and a social necessity; and that the undertaking, which might be brought forward on national grounds alone, will prove to be a sound commercial speculation.

Copies of the Prospectus may be obtained, and Applications for Shares in the following form, may be made at the Offices of the Company; of Messrs. Davies, Son & Campbell, Solicitors, 17, Warwick-street, Regent-street; Messrs. Cadogan & Whitehead, 2, Royal Exchange Buildings; and Messrs. Lowndes & Sargy, 1, Royal Exchange Buildings.

**FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.**  
GENTLEMEN, I have to request that you will allot to me—  
Shares, of £1 each, in the Sub-Marine Telegraph Company; and I hereby agree to accept and to pay for the same, or for so many Shares as shall be allotted to me, immediately upon the allotment thereof; and, on notice from the Secretary, to execute the Deed of Settlement, to be prepared in accordance with the Royal Charter incorporating the said Company.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address and Occupation \_\_\_\_\_  
Date \_\_\_\_\_  
Reference \_\_\_\_\_

To the Directors of the Sub-Marine Telegraph Company,  
No. 9, Moorgate-street.

## LAW LIFE ASSURANCE OFFICE, Fleet-street, London, 3th June, 1851.

Notice is hereby given, that in conformity with the provisions of the Deed of Settlement, a GENERAL MEETING of PROPRIETORS will be held at M. S. Society's Office, Fleet-street, London, on TUESDAY, the 24th day of June instant, at Twelve o'clock at Noon precisely, to elect a Trustee in the room of the Right Hon. the Earl of Gainsborough, deceased; to elect five Directors and Two Auditors, where those who go out of office by rotation will be proposed for Re-election; and also for general purposes.

By order of the Directors,  
WILLIAM SAMUEL DOWNS, Esq., Actuary.

## VICTORIA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, 18, King William-street, City.

Benjamin Hawes, Esq., Chairman.  
Thomas Hewitt, Esq., Deputy-Chairman.  
Charles Baldwin, Esq., John K. Jameson, Esq.  
John Barard, Esq., John Knill, Esq.  
George Denney, Esq., John Nolloth, Esq.  
Bryan Donkin, Esq., Charles Phillips, Esq.  
Aaron Goldsmid, Esq., Daniel Sutton, Esq.  
Sidney Gurney, Esq., O'B. Bellingham Woolley, Esq.

**Auditors.**  
Anthony Dunlop, Esq.; Wm. Hawes, Esq.; E. Greenaway, Esq.; James Watson, Esq.

**Bankers.**  
Messrs. Barard, Barard & Dimsdale; Commercial Bank of London; London and County Banking Company.

**Phisicians.**—For Foreign Sales.—Forwards M.D. Surgeons—James Farish, Esq.; John Dalrymple, Esq., F.R.S. Standing Counsel—Russell Gurney, Esq., Q.C. Solicitor—J. Curtis, Esq.

Assurers in this Company have the guarantee of an ample subscribed capital and careful and economical management. The success of the Society is manifest, from the fact that since its establishment more than 250 Policies have been issued, assuring over 1,200,000, while its assets stand at 125,000, and upwards, with an income of 20,000 a-year, steadily increasing.

The business of the Company embraces every description of risk connected with Life Assurance. The Premiums are moderate, and may be paid quarterly, half-yearly, or otherwise.

Credit allowed of one-third of the Premiums till death, or half the Premiums for five years, on Policies taken out for the whole life.

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921	1807	£200	£28 12 1	£188 19 1
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